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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

Tennyson's Ode.

Sung at the opening of the Colonial Exhibition.

Welcome, welcome; with one voice,
In your welfare we rejoice,
Sons and brothers, that have sent,
From isle, and cape, and continent,
Produce of your field and flood,
Mount and mine and primal wood,
Works of subtle brain and hand,
And splendors of the morning land—
Gifts from every British zone;
Britons, hold your own!

May we find, as ages run,
The mother featured in the son;
And may yours forever be
That old strength and constancy,
Which has made your fathers great
In our ancient Island State;
And where'er her flag may fly,
Glorying between sea and sky,
Make the might of Britain known;
Britons, hold your own!

Britain fought her sons of yore;
Britain failed, and nevermore
Careless of our growing kin,
Shall we sin our fathers' sin;
Men that, in a narrower day—
Unprophetic rulers they—
Drove from out the mother's nest
That young eagle of the west,
To forage for herself alone—
Britons, hold your own!

Sharers of our glorious past,
Brothers, must we part at last?
Shall not we, through good and ill,
Cleave to one another still?
Britain's myraid voices call;
Sons, be welded, each and all,
Into one Imperial whole,
One with Britain heart and soul,
One life, one flag, one fleet, one throne!
Britons hold your own!
And God guard all.

STORY TELLER.

"LA FILOMELA."

The hard work of my practice in London had so completely exhausted my energies, that in January, two years ago, I was obliged to seek rest and change. Having great faith in variety of work as a tonic and restorative, I determined to spend some months in Paris, where I might, if so mined, follow up a specialty in which I was greatly interested, and yet live comfortably in holiday fashion with my eldest sister, a widow residing in that cheerful capital for the education of her two daughters.

For a fortnight after my arrival I led a lazy life, and fell into a routine which made me the attendant of my sisters and nieces, who appeared to consider "Uncle Paul" a decidedly useful appendage. May and Lucy were charming girls, aged respectively sixteen and seventeen, and my sister had cause for the triumph she felt in the success of her mode of bringing them up, for they were thoroughly well-informed and accomplished, and yet seemed to be without any consciousness that their intelligence and acquirements were above the average.

Of course, I heard a great deal of their instructors. They laughed at their German master in an amiable way, imitated the fiery Italian, whose patriotism was the *motif* for most eloquent discourses; and pitied the Parisian, who could not persuade herself their accent was sufficiently pure. Their love and admiration were reserved for their singing mistress, for whom they had nothing but praise so unqualified, that I saw the girls were victims to one of those passions evoked in school days, which, for strength and vehemence, are often prototypes of the lover of later life.

They called this lady (whose name was Giulia Martigny) "La Filomela," and told me that if I could but hear her sing, I should never again mention such second-rate voices as those of the prima donna of London, Paris and Vienna, whose organs I had hitherto been accustomed to consider satisfactory.

My sister was very fond of Signorina Giulia, but told me she would like to know something of her history before permitting the intimacy for which the girls were eager.

"Does the lady encourage them?" asked I.

"By no means," was the answer; "she discourages the slightest attempt to establish more friendly relations; and all I know of her is that she was trained for a public singer, and has for some reason entirely relinquished the career, and will only teach or perform at private concerts, and even then she is capricious in her choice of houses to which she will go."

"In what way?" I inquired.

"She has never sung for any of the Americans here, but for French, English, or foreigners of any other nationality she will always appear: and her voice and style are really quite out of common. She would have succeeded well in public, I feel certain."

"Strange!" I said. "What belongings has she?"

"That I really do not know," replied my sister. "I have heard her mention her father, but I do not feel sure that he lives with her. She never goes anywhere before nine in the evening, or stays after eleven. She has a little brougham, and at night a young maid servant is always in it. She seems to have no acquaintances, and not to wish for any. I confess the slight mystery piques me a little, as we usually learn the histories of the girls' teachers so quickly."

"She is probably very poor," suggested I, "and does not wish to display her want of means to all beholders."

"I think not," was the reply. "I should judge her to be comfortably circumstanced as far as money goes."

The conversation ended, and as I had not seen the lady the matter faded from my mind. One day I came back from a visit to a *confrere* earlier than I expected, as he was summoned away, and on opening the door of my sister's "flat," I heard some one singing, with a voice so pure, somelodious, so round and full, that I stood transfixed. The opening words of Braga's serenata, "*O quali mi risvegliano*," filled the vestibule with wistful, longing tones, and a soft accompaniment on piano and violin harmonized to perfection. It was only for a few bars, however, for Lucy's little voice took up the strain, and the spell was broken. I went to the morning-room in search of my sister, and asked if it were "La Filomela" I had heard; a needless question, for I knew it could be no one else, and was filled with desire to hear her notes again. Laura told me that most likely she would not sing any more, as she very seldom did so, and then her method of teaching was one of her peculiarities, being conducted so much more by precept than example, and yet entirely successful.

"But," she added, "I have taken tickets for a concert in aid of some charity, which is to be held at the house of the Duchesse de L'Agan next week, and as 'L Filomela' is to sing two songs, you had better go with us and hear her." "Willingly," I replied. "It would greatly please me to see the possessor of such a voice."

My nieces were delighted that I had heard their nightingale, and told me she had seated herself at the instrument to show Lucy it was possible to play the song and sing it, too, and had let May take the violin accompaniment.

The night of the concert arrived, and then I saw "La Filomela." How shall I describe my impression? We all know how difficult it usually is to recollect the idea we formed of those with whom we are not intimate, when we acquaintance with them was only beginning, and yet the memory of the picture this girl made on my mind is clear enough to me now. A crowded room, a fashionable audience, a popular tenor, a tremendous pianist—heat, light, perfumes, flowers—all that had made up the scene faded, as the folds of the heavy curtain at the side of the platform were parted, and a slight, girlish figure appeared, dressed simply in creamy satin and with a string of pearls around her throat, and a bunch of crimson rose-buds for sole ornament. She walked gracefully, and was entirely self-possessed; when she stood before the audience, she raised her lovely gray eyes and gravely, quietly scanned the faces of the listeners. Her manner struck me greatly; there was no trace of excitement, scarcely a sign of interest in what she had to do, yet the look she threw along the rows of seats made one feel that it was a matter of consequence to her who filled them.

She sang some music by a young amateur which had been written for her, and the composer was her accompanist. The words were sad ones, and each verse ended with a refrain of "*Ma pace mai, mai!*" The idea was that the singer could taste love again, fame, ambition, but that remorse prevented any hope of peace: and the earnestness with which the signorina gave "But peace, oh! nevermore," was almost terrible. When the song ceased, the audience remained perfectly still for some seconds, and then a whirlwind of applause literally shook the room. No encores were permitted, owing to the length of the program, so "La Filomela" was not seen again until her next turn came in its course, and then she sang an elaborate scene, which displayed the excellence of her training and the beauty of her voice, but to me it was meaningless. In the first piece was the soul of the singer, in the second only the power of the songstress. After she left the room it became dark to me, and promising to return in time to escort my sister to the carriage, I went out into the star-lit streets thankful to be alone, for I realized at once what had befallen me. I. Paul Messent, wrapped up heart and soul in a profession which devours the minds and bodies of its votaries, had fallen blindly, desperately in love with this girl whom I had seen once and heard twice, and for me the world was changed.

I passed a wakeful night, but by morning my resolution was taken and my plans made. I would seek the girl, and if possible win her. Why should I not? I felt certain that no fault of her own caused her isolation, and for anything else I cared not at all.

A week after the concert my sister gave a music porty, and then I had a chance of speaking with La Signorina Martingy. She was sweet and gracious: and one evening's companionship seemed almost to make us friends.

I went to every home I could at which she sang; and used every means in my power to penetrate the veil of mystery with which she enveloped herself; in vain. At the end of a month I found myself more fondly attached to and more hopelessly apart from her than I could have believed possible. I had never passed her threshold, but I haunted the streets in which she lived, just for the sake of seeing her enter or descend from the carriage, and gaining a smile or a look of recognition.

I was becoming desperate, and meditating an avowal of my passion to her, when one afternoon my sister said, "Paul, I have been to 'La Filomela's' house."

"Indeed!" said I; "have you made any startling discoveries?"

"No," was the answer; "but I think Giulia was vexed with me."

"Why did you go?" asked I.

"I had a note from her this morning, asking if she might postone tomorrow's lesson till Thursday," was the reply, "but that cannot be, as we go to Versailles on that day, you recollect. I forget to write to her before going out, and as I am passing the door this afternoon I sought admittance, really without giving the matter two thoughts."

"Well?" I queried, as my sister paused.

"The door was opened by a very old servant, who looked at me with surprise, but ushered me into the prettiest little sitting room I have seen for a long time. There was no lack of comfort in her surroundings. I had time to notice that there was a large armchair near the fire, with plenty of cushions in it, and beside it a small table, with a spectacle case and an embroidered velvet cap on it, before Giulia came in. Her manner was stiff, but she thanked me for the trouble I was taking to arrange the change of day, for which she apologized. Her father lives with her, I feel sure, and he is old and infirm."

"You ought to be a detective, Laura," said I, "with such powers of observation and deduction."

That evening as I was making my accustomed patrol in front of Giulia's house, I noticed a man tall and dark, with a pointed beard, who also walked up and down before the same residence. He looked continually at the first floor windows of No. 17, where were "La Filomela's" apartments. He was dressed as a gentleman, and looked strong, but I observed he had a slight limp. For three evenings I noticed him, and began to wonder why he was watching my darling's home, and if he was connected with the strangeness of her behavior.

On going into my sister's drawing-room a week after she had called at No. 17 Rue du Colisee, I found her and Giulia in earnest conversation. Giulia was crying, and my sister seemed agitated.

"Here is Paul," she said. "We had better tell him, signorina; he will help us."

"My father is very ill," she said, looking up at me with her eyes full of tears. "He will see no doctor. I don't know what to do."

"Tell me his symptoms," said I.

She described his sufferings, from her careful account of which I easily gathered the nature of his malady. "Have you tried such-and-such remedies?" I asked. For answer she showed me three or four prescriptions, which told me his case was a bad one, and of long standing; the only other help of which I knew I could not order without seeing the patient.

"I believe I know a palliative," I said, "but I dare not prescribe it without seeing your father."

"He will not let anyone come to us," she said sadly, and I could see she clasped her hands tightly, and maintained her composure with an effort. "He wishes to be quite unknown in Paris, and fears seeing a stranger, lest it should lead to his being recognized."

"But, signorina," I said, "his condition is serious: to a doctor his patient is only a 'case.' Explain this to him; let me call this afternoon. You cannot witness his suffering without feeling it is imperative he should have help."

"I will try," she said. "Will you come at four on the chance of seeing him?"

"Assuredly," I replied. My heart ached at having to let her go with such a weight of care on her sweet face.

Laura told me that Giulia had been obliged to tell her the seclusion in which they lived was caused by the dread of their being discovered by an enemy who ruthlessly pursued them with some motive for revenge. She had been forced to give up the career for which she had been educated, because it made hiding impossible; and she further confided to my sister that this enemy would give up his wish to injure her father if she would consent to marry him, but that she could do.

The next few hours passed slowly for me, and yet my spirits rose. Surely this chance would bring me nearer my darling. I could undertake her father's case with confidence, for his disease was one I had specially studied, and success in dealing with which had been the chief cause of my gaining with somewhat unusual rapidity a large practice.

At 4 o'clock I was admitted to the patient, whom I found suffering under a distressing paroxysm of his malady, and I was thankful to be of use to him. At length he fell asleep and I persuaded Giula to leave him to their old servant, and to take some rest. She was engaged to sing that evening, at the house where I had first seen her; she told me the duchess was to have a large party, and counted on her présence, and as she had been one of her earliest, and was always one of her kindest friends, she was anxious to keep her appointment. I could assure her I thought her father would suffer no more for the present, but hid from her that the case was desperate; and the end was not far distant, though I apprehended no immediate danger. So consented to allow me to sit with him during her absence at the concert, and I promised to go to the Rue Bel Perpino, where the duchess lived, to meet her as she left, and convey the latest news of the patient.

My watch by the old man's side soon passed; he was dreadfully weak, but talked to me apparently with confidence. He said that with his death Giulia's life would change, and that he believed it would be a happy thing for his darling when he was taken. "She will not think so," he added, in his feeble voice, "we love each other so dearly."

Before eleven I took my way down the Avenue Friedland, to the Rue Bel Perpino; the duchess' house was near the corner, and as I was early I did not enter the street, but walked up and down. It was April, and the soft spring night was delicious. There had been a shower, and the pavements gleamed in the lamp-light; carriages were rolling to and fro, but of pedestrians there were few. I saw Guilia's brougham waiting near the turning to the street; and the driver's face was toward me, so I quickly recognized him; he was conversing with a man who leant against the lamp post close by, and whose head was raised so that the light fell strongly on him for a moment. I saw a black-pointed beard, and needed not that he should move away with a slight limp to enable me to recognize the stranger who had been watching "La Filomela's" dwelling. I felt that I must tell Giulia of him, so I begged for a sent in her carriage that I might go home with her. She seemed surprised when I accompanied her into the house and asked her to give me a few minutes' conversation. She went to look at her father, who was sleeping peacefully, and then came back to me. I plunged at once into the subject, and told her I thought she ought to be warned about this man whom I had been watching her house and talking to her coachman; when I described him, and mentioned the limp with which he walked, she sank into a chair, and became so white, I feared she would faint. Her dilated eyes had such a look of terror and anguish in them, that I could not forbear taking one of her cold hands in mine, and saying earnestly:

"Signorina, trust me! tell me your secret; I implore you to let me try and help you."

"I will! must!" she said. "I can bear it no longer alone. This man whom you have seen wronged him; he was agent in New York for him; his own business was grievously unsuccessful and he took some of Mr. Walton's money. It was to give me the three years' education in Rome which would enable me to sing in public. He hoped to repay it before it was necessary to settle accounts, but could not. Mr. Walton discovered it, and came to us in Vienna; it was the night of my first concert; how well I remember it! I had made a success, and when we reached our home this man was waiting for us; and I heard what father had done. Since then we have wandered about. We are Americans, and our name is really Martin—mine, Judith. We have tried to hide, and have been in many cities, and I have shunned my country people everywhere, but still he has always found us. He threatens to have my father arrested—unless I marry him. Ah!" she said, with a broken sob, "I can not do that—death would be preferable—we must go away again."

"Will he not take the money and relinquish his revenge?" I asked.

"No," she said; "of course we have offered him that—nay, thrice the sum—and the amount is lying at his bankers' in New York; but he holds proofs of the deed, and seems to care only to be revenged."

This was indeed terrible, and I could only implore her to let me see this man if he should attempt to invade their home. I left her, promising to come early on the morrow.

I told Laura the sad history, and we agreed that she had better accompany me to the Rue du Colisee in the morning, and that we should to keep watch all day. At 10 o'clock we were there, and I found, to my sorrow, that a change had taken place in Mr. Martin's condition. He was sinking rapidly, and a few hours might see the end. I was obliged to tell Judith as gently as I could, and she bore the news bravely.

It was as I had surmised; by the evening Robert Martin's sins and sorrows were over, and I gazed at the calm features almost with thankfulness. His face looked much younger than it had done in life, but there was a weak expression on it, even in death. Judith's grief was sad to witness, but she was patient exceedingly, and permitted me to arrange for her all details, as if I were an old and trusted friend.

I went to her house on some business the afternoon after the death, and hearing that she was sleeping, I asked that I might go into the sitting-room to write a note. The old servant was out, but Judith's little maid showed me in, and gave me what I needed.

I was busy writing, when there was a loud ring at the outer door, and a rough voice said, "I shall enter; let me pass, girl;" the door was flung open, anp Seth Walton came rudely in. He paused a moment in surprise at seeing me, but began coarsely—

I know that Robert Martin lives here; I insist on seeing him!"

I stood up and gazed at this man: a grim idea came to me. "You shall see him!" I replied, and opened the door of the room where all that remained of the poor old man was lying his white bed decked with flowers, Turning down the covering, I showed to Seth Welton the features of him who had injured him.

"Foiled!" he exclaimed, as he fell back against the wall. Almost immediately he recovered, however, and without more words left the room and the house.

Little remains to tell. I won my darling, and Seth Walton with his threats and terrors has vanished from our lives. He accepted the money of which he had been defrauded, calculating to the last penny the interest due thereon, and he is prosperous in his native land; while in all London cannot de found a happier couple than "La Filomela" and her hardly-worked husband.

A COPIOUS LANGUAGE.

The copiousness of the English tongue, as well as the difficulty of acquiring the ability to use its immense vocabulary correctly, is well exhibited in the following array of synonymous words, which, if not new, is a capital illustration of the nice distinction which characterizes so many vocables. It is no wonder that we slip occasionally, even the wariest of us. A little girl was looking at the picture of a number of ships, when she exclaimed: "See what a flock of ships!" We corrected her saying that a flock of ships is called a fleet, and that a fleet of sheep is called a flock. And here we could add for the benefit of the foreigner who is mastering the intricacies of our language in respect to nouns of multitude, that a flock of girls is called a bevy, that a bevy of wolves is called a pack, and a pack of thieves is called a gang, and that a gang of angels is called a host, and a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a covey, and a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of worshippers is called a congregration, and a congregration of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd, and a crowd of gentlemen is called the elite, and the elite of the city's thieves and rascals is called the most dangerous men in the community.

About Marriage.

ADVICE TO THOSE ABOUT TO SLIP ON THE MATRIMONIAL NOOSE.

Some marry for the fun of the thing and never see where it comes in. This is discouraging.

Some marry for the sake of a good companion and never discover their mistake. This is lucky.

Man is a fickle "critter." Even Adam, who had his wife made to order, found more or less fault with her.

Don't marry a man for his repu tation. It is liable to be only a second-hand affair, borrowed from his ancestors.

Many women have married men for their fine exterior. But that's all there is to an ancient egg worth mentioning. Many marry to spite some one else only to learn that they got the butt-end of the transaction, and its worst end at that.

Marriage is a lottery full of chances. That's what gives it flavor. All like to chance it, because everybody thinks to win a prize.

Wedlock, in its original state, was as pure as sweet milk fresh from the cow, but man couldn't rest until he stripped it of much of its rich cream.

I say when you are ready to get married, get married. However, it isn't so much trouble to get married as to know when you want to get married.

The hot-headed youth marries in a hurry because he fears marriageable females will be scarce next year, and lives to wonder how the supply holds out.

Marriage resulting from love at first sight is not generally wedded bliss on a par with sour milk. One or the other gets swindled, and often both.

Many a man has married for beauty, only to learn that he has paid $10 for what can be purchased for twenty-five cents at all druggists. This is hard.

The most affectionate people before marriage seldom hold out in the same proportion after the knot is tied. It is better philosophy to commence only as you would live afterward.

From the matrimonial market the saints of both sexes were culled out long ago. Don't expect to marry one. You must guess at some things and take chances for the future on this basis.

Woman is sometimes the real cause of unhappiness in the married relations of life, but in the majority of instances the boot is on the other foot and she is really the true comfort there is in it.

Don't marry a woman for her taper fingers and lily hands alone, for married life and its rugged experiences call for a wife that knows how to make a pot boil and can spank babies systematically.

But few people marry for pure love, and they in after years suspicion that what were at the time promptings of the tender passion were, in all probability, but the first symptons of cholera morbus.

The man who marries a woman simply because she is a handy arrangement to have about the house, does so from a purely business standpoint, and in the end if not compelled to support him, she has done better than many women I know of.

Many a man who has married for money has never realized a dividend on the investment; and many women who have done the same thing have left word for their posterity that, although a fair transaction upon the face of it, yet it is just as liable to be a put-up job.—*Toledo Blade.*

ALWAYS PLACID.

The receiving clerks behind the desks at the telegraph offices are cool, placid fellows. They take your message of life or death with perfect indifference, mechanically count the words and look a bit bored as they reply:

"It will be sixty-five cents, please."

I had my eye on a certain chap for several weeks before I humbled his pride. He insulted me. He insulted me by softly whispering to himself as he counted the words in the following message:

"Grandmother died last night very suddenly. How many of you can attend funeral?"

When I handed in that message I I expected him to exhibit a little emotion. While he could not have been personally acquainted with my grandmother, he must have suspected that she was a nice old lady, and that her sudden death had greatly overcome me. Why didn't he look up with a bit of sympathy in his eye and say:

"Too bad! I know just how you feel, and I'm sorry for you."

But no. He whistled and counted, made a scratch or two with his pen, and remarked:

"Three words over—seventy cents."

And as he made change he told one of the boys behind the counter that he'd be —— if he wasn't going to the dog fight that night. Then he picked up my dead grandmother's dispatch and banged it on a hook, shoved me over some change, and turned away to resume the perusal of a sporting paper.

The next week I went in with a dispatch, announcing that my grandmother's will had been opened and that I came in for $25,000. That man must have seen by my face that I was highly elated. Hang him, he never had a fifth of that sum, and his salary had just been cut down $10 per month, but when he read the dispatch he calmly announced:

"Forty cents, and you forgot to date it."

And then he began talking to one of his fellow clerks about a slugging match, and how he won $3 by betting on the right man. I don't say he ought to have swung his hat and cheered over my good fortune, but why couldn't he have extended his hand and said:

"Eh, old boy? In luck, aint you? Well, I'm glad on it. Send around the cigars and we'll smoke to your good health."

I made up my mind when I went out that I would upset that man's equanimity or lose a leg. I'd tumble him off that pedestal of placidity if it cost a thousand dollars. I'd upset, unbalance and unhinge him or die trying. I gave him two weeks to repent. It isn't right to rush a telegraph man out of the world on a day's notice. I went back one evening, and I felt a bit sorry for him as he glanced up and then let his eyes return to his *Police Gazette*. I knew that his wife and child were in Ohio on a visit, and I stepped to the desk and wrote:

DETROIT, June 6, 1885.

J. H. Smith, Columbus, O.:

Please telegraph us full particulars of the accident by which Mrs. George Taylor and daughter of this city were instantly killed this afternoon.

I felt a bit sorry as I handed it in, not knowing but this man might faint dead away as he read the terrible news. Still, I had sworn revenge, and I would not forego it. He received the dispatch, whistled softly as was his wont, clattered the point of his pen along the words as he counted, and then he drawled out:

"A dollar and twenty cents. Where shall I send the answer?"

"Did you read that dispatch?" I asked, after looking at him for half a minute.

"Yes."

"Do you know the parties?"

"Yes, sir."

"Aren't the parties your wife and daughter?"

"No, sir. They returned home this morning. Here's your change!"

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

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E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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THE Western Pennsylvania Institution has lately been made the fortunate recipient of a munificent gift from Mr. Andrew Carnegie, of the Edgar Thompson Steel Works of Braddock, Pa. The benevolent gentleman has donated five thousand dollars to be used as the nucleus of a library fund. The interest on the amount is to be expended on suitable books and reading matter for the deaf-mute pupils of the school, while the principal will always remain intact. Several of our deaf-mute institutions have been remembered in the way of bequests at various times. It gives us pleasure to note this latest donation, not only on account of the timely help it will be to a comparatively young establishment, but because it indicates an interest in deaf-mute education by one who is not directly connected with it. The five thousand dollars could not be used for a more noble and practical purpose than that designedby the giver. Of all helps to a general education, both at school and after leaving school, the foremost and best is good literature, the reading of which begets ideas and tends to the development of a correct use of language. The pupils of the Western Pennsylvania Institution are to be congratulated on the important advantage that Mr. Carnegie's gift will confer upon them.

SOME days ago the Salt Lake City *Tribune* published an account of how a little deaf and dumb boy had been enticed into a Chinese opium den, where he was found late at night by his father smoking a big pipe, and was taken home in a state of torpor. There are in the Territory about 150 deaf and dumb people, of whom one-half are adults. Many of the adults need education, while all those under age specially stand in need of it. Most of the mute children are in families which are not able to bear the expense of sending them to California, Colorado or some of the Eastern States to be instructed. Utah has proportionately more uneducated adult deaf and dumb than any other State or Territory. The number of deaf-mute children is also proportionately larger. As very many of these children are of polygamous parentage the increase of mutes is enormous. The veto of an appropriation for a deaf-mute Institution at Salt Lake City, is therefore very deplorable. That so many children should be allowed to grow up in ignorance would be a blot upon the people of Utah, were it not for the fact that polygamy is so great a stain as to dwarf all other shortcomings. But polygamy has had its day. Let us hope that the day of deaf-mute education is not far distant.

DECIDEDLY unique and original is the little cycling scrap-book just issued by the Pope Mfg. Co. of Boston, Mass. Upon the covers are fac-similes of the covers or front pages of thirty-seven of the leading American publications, and inside are between two and three hundred newspaper and magazine clippings and quotations from prominent personages pertaining to the hygienic, business and pleasurable advantages of cycling. By an arrangement of tint and type, the selections have the appearance of genuine pasted scraps, which makes the book worth possessing as a curiosity, as well as for the really valuable information it contains. The book will be sent upon request free by mail, upon receipt of stamp, to any one interested in cycling.

ITEMIZER.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

Mr. W. Sawhill has returned to Braddock, Pa., from Missouri.

Mr. Walter Edwards, of Cleveland, Ohio, is at present in Pittsburg, Pa.

Arther C. Kellom, of Hillsboro Bridge, N. H., is still working in the Dye Room of I. B. Smith.

D. B. Glenn, of Carlisle, Pa., will be in Danville this spring, to visit his friend Frank Detweiler.

Mr. H. W. Whitmore collected twenty dollars and fifty cents for the Gallaudet monument fund recently.

John P. Detweiler, of Plymouth, Pa., has been enjoying an easter vacation, visiting his brother Frank, in Danville, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Dezendorf will, in a few weeks, go to Sharon Springs, N. Y., to spend a short time on the farm of Mr. D.'s uncle.

Frank Detweiler, of Danville, has had the rheumatism in his left arm, but he is on the road to recovery. He is a watch-maker in Danville, and is doing a good business.

One day recently J. F. O'Neil, of Brooklyn, was seen on Broad Street, Newark, N. J., where he had been called to attend some private business with a gentleman, formerly of Whitehall, N. Y.

A correspondent would be very much obliged to any one who will be kind enough to inform him through the JOURNAL if there is any deaf mute couple living in Brooklyn, who have or had deaf-mute children.

If the Committee of Arrangements of the Gallaudet Club's excursion expect a big delegation from Brooklyn, they would do well to have the Long Branch make a landing at the foot of South 6th Street, E. D., or at Jewell's wharf.

Mr. Henry Frederick,[1] a deaf-mute, who was born in Hanover, Germany, came to America five years ago. He was married to Mary Hoffman, of Spring Valley, on the 21st ult., at her parents' home.

Mrs. Emily F. Keilt, of Brooklyn, and her beloved mother and sister, will stop at Philadelphia and Washington on the way to Richmond, Va., in a few weeks. Emily says she is much pleased to have a new sister-in-law, Mrs. Alex. Dezendorf.

There promises to be a lively debate at the meeting of the Brooklyn Society, on the evening of May 19th, upon which occasion the following question will be discussed, "Will the eight-hour system benefit the workingmen?" For the affirmative Messrs. Stengele and Juhring will appear, while Reynolds and Dezendorf will do battle in the negative.

We have it from knowing ones, or at least ones who ought to know, that Miss Katie Colligan, one of the fairest of the fair of Brooklyn's charming semi-mute daughters, is engaged to a wealthy hearing young gentleman, who has an office in Exchange Place, New York City. Miss Colligan has our best and sincere wishes for everything that is good in this world and the world to come.

Boss Ed. McConville is one of the jolliest fellows to be found anywhere. He is still slinging type for his bread, butter and pennies at the mammoth printing establishment of D. Appleton & Company on Kent Avenue, Brooklyn. Edward is a steady industrious man, as can be proven by the number of years he has been at his case—almost twenty years.

Little Gertie Douglas, daughter of Ranald and Lizzie Douglas, with her grandpapa, Mr. Stevens, paid Gertrude Bowden a short visit. The little girls seemed happy to see each other and looked like twins, being dressed almost alike. The pupils at the Beverley school enjoyed a share of two dollars generously given by Mr. Stevens, of Gardiner, Mass. Mr. Stevens and his little grand child have left behind pleasant impressions.

Mr. Philip Hamburger who has been farming with Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Amirati for the last six years, made his appearance in New Orleans last Monday very much improved in health, and looks better than ever. Mr. Hamburger expects to remain for a short while to see his many friends. He goes to Baton Rouge Sunday next, to remain a day or two and then to Point Coupee, where he resided years ago, to try the cotton land this time.

Mrs. Zulema Hoagland, the venerable mother of Jesse K. T. Hoagland, an attache of this office, died in Covington, Ky., on May 5th, of rehumatism, aged 75 years. Mr. Hoagland's father died last year, and a nephew last month. The troubles of this life are said to never come singly, which is certainly verified in this instance. Though comparatively a stranger in this city, those who know Mr. Hoagland deeply sympathize with him in his bereavement. He is in poor health himself, but it is hoped that the genia climate of Florida, which he sought a few months ago, may bring him speedy relief.—*Florida Herald, May 8.*

A little company, consisting of about ten deaf-mutes, participated with the writer on the 4th inst, in an evening of sociability at the home of Master Willie Helms, of Newark, N. J., who is at present a pupil of Mr. Ward's private school in that city, where he is making good progress. His parents and aunt, Miss Fairchild, were successful in affording their guests a pleasant time, while games and refreshments served to render the occasion still more enjoyable. All who were present are occasional attendants, and some are regular and habitual members of the deaf-mute congregation which assembles in Trinity Chapel, Newark, on the second and fourth Sunday mornings of each month at 11 o'clock, for worship in the sign-language, and to which all of the deaf are invited, whether members of the Episcopal Church or not.

Died.

Rosa, wife of Mr. Wm. Ambrose, died suddenly Saturday night at her residence near Waldo. Her death was unexpected and cast a gloom over a large circle of friends and acquaintances. Mrs. Ambrose was a lady possessed of many rare virtues, and was greatly beloved by those who knew her best, for her christian meekness, exemplary life and devotion to husband and children. She was born in St Louis, Mo., and while at school met her husband, to whom she was married ve years ago. To the sorrowing husband in his sad bereavement we tender our heartfelt sympathy, with the hope that he may find comfort at the "Mercy Seat, and that God in his infinite love and mercy" shall temper the affliction to the good of his immortal soul.—*D. M. Record.*

The Known and the Unknown.

DELIVERED AT THE PRESENTATION DAY EXERCISES OF THE NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE, WEDNESDAY, MAY 5, 1886, BY OLOF HANSON, OF MINNESOTA.

When the little school-boy is able to read the big words in his primer, he has a high opinion of himself. By the time he leaves the school, he has discovered that there are still some things to learn; and he goes to the college to complete his education. Slowly he climbs up the hill of knowledge, and gradually he learns that "the more he knows, the more he knows he does not know."

Having at last reached the top of the college hill, he is able to take a broader survey. Beyond are higher and steeper hills than that which he has just climbed. The general highway he has hitherto followed in company with so many others, here subdivides. One road leads to professional study, another to literature, another to science, another to art.

Of these the most advanced is science. That little thing, the human mind, ventures to explore the remote regions of boundless space, as well as to penetrate the deep mysteries that surround it on every side. Bravely it makes nature yield her secrets one after another. The microscope reveals millions of living beings in a drop of water; and yet there are creatures as much smaller than those we can see with the most powerful microscope, as a frog is smaller than an elephant. What do we know of them, their food, their birth or death? The telescope perceives stars so far away that their light must have started upon its journey to the earth long before the birth of Adam. The spectroscope informs us of the composition of the suns and stars. But how near can the former go to the limits of space? What does the latter tells us of the beings that inhabit even the nearest planets?

We know that our globe has passed through various stages of development; what caused these changes? The forces and laws of the nature, it is replied. But whence come the forces and laws of nature? We speak of gravitation: what do we know about it except the effects? We speak of electricity and magnetism: what are they but names, for them we do not know? The subtle chemical forces have as yet allowed us but a glimpse of their action; they have not allowed us to catch them, hold them, and examine them thoroughly.

To those who advance the farthest in the investigation of nature, she unfolds her secrets more and more, but also reveals deeper and deeper mysteries. Like the little boy with the toy steam-engine, who sees how the position drives the wheel, how the wheel in turn moves the paste-board hammer and bellows in his little blacksmith shop, but who as yet cannot comprehend how the piston is moved by the expansion of an invisible vapor, how the heat is due to the clashing of molecules under chemical attraction; how the chemical action is caused by—we know not what: just so we are able to see he more apparent workings of nature's great engine; but the forces that he behind, and drive and guide the whole, are beyond our understanding. In whatever direction we try to investigate nature, we soon reach a limit to the progress of our inquiry. Trace the forces of nature as far back as we can, and, though many of them seem to point to a common origin, that origin eludes our penetration. Analyze a substance, and we are soon confronted with the question, What is matter? If we look forward, it is equally apparent that we are "looking through a glass darkly." What shall become of his globe of on s? Shall it become cold and uninhabitable like the moon? Or shall it serve to supply the fires of the sun? Or what? Byron is right when he speaks of science as—

"But an exchange of ignorance for that
Which is another kind of ignorance."

Some men, because they know a little, think they know all. A noted French savant said that he had scanned the universe with his telescope, and found no place in which God could dwell. If he scanned his own body from top to toe, he probably could not find a place in which his life could dwell. But life is in every part. Exactly so So also God is in every part. "God is life," in its widest sense.

But what is life? Look at the sprightly, lively child; then at the stiff, cold corpse. What is the difference. One is alive, the other is dead. But if you examine the two bodies you find in each the same organs, the same arrangement of the material of which they are made. But the one is endowed with a something which makes it very different from the other. What it is, whence it comes, whither it goes, is hidden from our view. We can only refer it to the primal source of all life.

Of the human soul, what do we know? We can think, and will, and act; but we cannot explain how we do it. So impressed was the immortal Aristotle with the littleness of what he knew compared with what he could not know, that he said he had only learned enough to know that he knew nothing.

Are we to feel discouraged in the search for knowledge because there is so much we do not understand? As in the case of the boy with his little steam engine, his father is pleased to see him reason about the simpler details of the machine, well knowing that he will by and by understand the deeper principles; so the common Father of us all is pleased to see men try to understand the simpler relations of things, well knowing that they will understand more by and by. Forward has been the watchword hitherto; forward will be the watchword henceforth.

"Through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the minds of men are widened with the process of the suns."

Gallaudet Centennial Memorial Fund.

TREASURER'S BULLETIN, No. 28.

KENDALL GREEN, WASHINGTON, D.C., May 8, 1886.

Received from Miss Fanny Skinner, of Staunton, Va., through Rev. Job Turner,	$5 00
Acknowledged last week,	185 14
Total in Treasurer's hands,	190 14
Other assets already reported,	1,980 28
Total assets,	$2,170 42

AMOS G. DRAPER, *Treasurer.*

OBITUARY.

It is with the deepest grief that we, Catholics, learn of our sad loss in the death of Rev. Father Plunkett, which happened on the 4th inst, during his sojourn in Trenton, New Jersey.

He was appointed by our Rt. Rev. Bishop as Spiritual Director for the deaf-mutes of Brooklyn, and his interest in their welfare was very great, but owing to ill-health, he was obliged to seek rest for awhile.

We had long hoped and prayed for his recovery, but as all events are in the hands of God, we must be resigned to His Holy Will, knowing that he can send us another to guide us in the straight and narrow way, which leads to Heaven.

CATHOLIC.

Notice to Catholic Deaf-Mutes.

We hope to see a large attendance of deaf-mutes at St. Charles' Church, every Sunday at 2:30 P.M. Rev. Brother DeSales is most zealous in his instructions, and he is very anxious that all deaf-mutes come regularly to prepare for the Sacraments.

He has kindly invited the young men to meet on Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 7:30 P.M., at St. Francis College, on Butler St., Brooklyn.

There is no further excuse whatever for deaf-mues to be ignorant of the faith in which they were born. So let one and all avail themselves of the many opportunities which are and will be afforded them in the future.

CATHOLIC.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

A Memorable Week.

PRESENTATION DAY.

The Graduating Hop.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

Two great events in the history of the class of '86 have just occurred. Presentation Day, the day toward which the class have been looking for the past five years as the culminating point of their college career, and the Farewell Ball, at which, perhaps for the last time, they met a host of friends, made dear to them by years of pleasant social intercourse,—both are past. But, though past, they will long linger in memory's secret chambers, for both were occasions upon which the class can look back with the highest pride and pleasure. They were completely successful, notwithstanding the weather clerk did not seem to be in his usual good humor. Wednesday dawned bright and sunny but very warm, and soon threatening clouds began to cover the sky. However, no rain fell, and the clouds greatly cooled the atmosphere. Before three o'clock the chapel and stage room were crowded, the majority of the audience being ladies Probably never did a larger or more distinguished audience attend our anniversary exercises.

Shortly after three o'clock the procession was formed in the office. A letter from Secretary Bayard had just been received expressing the regret of the President and himself at being unable to attend on account of pressing business. President Gallaudet and Chief-Justice Waite headed the procession, followed by the Board of Directors; Senators Davies and Walthall; President Welling, of Columbian, and Patton, of Howard University; Dr. Doonan, President of Georgetown University; Hon. W. W. Corcoran, Judge Niblack, of Indiana; Gen. Dunn, Prof. Bruce, of Edinburgh, Henry Strong and Judge Jameson, of Chicago; Revs. Dr. Elliott and Bartlett, Representative Brady and Rev. Dr. Bowdin, Mr. Renterskiald, the Swedish minister, and several attaches of the diplomatic corps, the Faculty, and lastly the graduates. All took seats on the platform, except the seniors, who occupied the first row in the audience.

The programme, as announced last week, was then carried out. After the invocation by Rev. W. H. Milburn, the blind chaplain of the House of Representatives, the seniors delivered their orations, which were read by members of the Faculty and the Rev. T. H. Gallaudet. All were well received, and were liberally applauded. When all were though, President Gallaudet presented Messrs. Hanson, Cloud, Dantzer, Dundon, Adams, and Berg, as candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Mr. Lynch, having pursued a special course not leading to a degree, would receive a certificate setting forth his course of study.

Hon. John A. Jameson, of Chicago, known to many through his able contributions to the *North American Review* and other magazines, then delievered the Annual Address. It was a thoughtful address, clothed in pleasing words and abounding in happy illustrations, which rendered it not less entertaining than instructive. Though we cannot in an abstract reproduce the spirit of the full address, we will give some of the leading thoughts, for they are thoughts that will bear close scrutiny. The address deserves to be printed in full, and we hope it will.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I know of no position more replete with anxiety than that of students about to graduate from College. They are commonly not rich and they have spent years in fitting themselves for the labors and conflicts of life and now they are to enter in earnest upon them.

"The world is all before them where to choose," but, unlike Adam and Eve, they will find every eligible spot pre-occupied by formidable competitors They are to try one of the most difficult and hazardous of experiments, that of achieving, in a semi-hostile world, and generally without extraneous aid, success in life. Unless they have been exceptionally fortunate, they have no definite idea, or a very erroneous idea, as to what life is, and consequently what it is to succeed in life; and it is my purpose to throw together a few thoughts upon this point.

What then is success in life? I hasten to say that it is not necessarily the achieving of wealth or fame. These, though desirable, are not essential. The successful man may be poor, obscure, despised. He may be buried in disgrace, or dying in a desert solitude, may receive only that humble burial which nature gives to those who have no tomb, *Caelo tegitur qui non habet urnam.*" The poor, unlearned soldier boy, who dies obscure in the discharge of his duty, challenges our admiration rather than the brilliant, gushing cavalier, who talks so well of what he will do when he meets the enemy, but who turns heels when they come.

Success may be defined to be the attainment of elevation of soul, of a spirit of devotion to high ends, of manliness. It is the efforts made to carry ont a noble purpose which measure the value of the act.

"Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

"Act ill your part, there lies all the shame."

Even if one does not succeed in carrying out one's plans fully, the very endeavor to do so, and the having in view a noble purpose, in themselves constitute the highest kind of success. For, as Browning says:

"The aim, if reached or not, makes great the life."

It was this thought which inspired Emerson's injunction, "Hitch your wagon to a star." It is the lofty spirit, the aspiration, the high resolve, the strenuous though futile endeavor, to be and to do right, that counts on the credit side in the great ledger of God's book-keeping.

Success is not confined to a few particular occupations. It is a plant, which may spring up in any spot, in any business, in which an honorable name is attainable by honest industry. Honesty, fair and square dealing, are the levers to success, whether one be a farmer, a mechanic, a merchant, a preacher, a doctor or a lawyer. A habit has arisen of sneering at the learned professions, as though they are less deserving than the ruder, though not more laborious industries of the workshop and the farm. The truth is, that the professional man, on the average, works more hours, at a more exhausting and not less reputable business, than any manual worker in the land. If he is successful, it is due to the character of probity and industry which he builds up in his life.

No young man, who aspires to real success, must attempt to reach it by any "short cuts" to wealth. Neither nature nor Providence deals in "short cuts." They accomplish their purpose by honest, slow but sure means. To attain real success one must not corner the market, not build up monopolies, not bribe voters and legislators, nor cheat one's fellow men with bogus butter or false wares.

Success cannot be complete without thought of future life. Whatever the truth may be in reference to systems of theology, and no man of sense will deny the reality of religion, and no man of delicacy will ridicule religion, because disgusted with the dogmas about it, which men from time to time, propound and abandon. Religion is one thing, speculation and legends concerning religion are another. Religion has never led to a war or a crime; theology, speculation and dogmas about religion, have filled history with crimes and wars. To be truly successful, a man must be a religious man. With his religion, he may associate such a theology as he can, such as honest thought and the reading of good books may enable him to formulate, but his theology, like his coat, he will always keep for present use, and, therefore, subject to constant patching, or to total abandonment when it ceases to fit.

A word more as to the place where these conditions are most likely to be fulfilled. It is said that "God made the country, and man made the town." Whether this leaves unascertained the creator of the city, may perhaps be doubted, as many suspect the Evil One to be responsible for that. While a life of real success may be lived in either of the three, doubtless the country is that in which the conditions of healthy growth of soul, mind and body are the most abundant and the most active. It is unfortunate that the young man too often prefers the city to the country. He should, on the contrary, deem it no misfortune, but a piece of good luck, if fate has cast his lot in the country. There, as all wise observers agree, the destinies of America are to be wrought out, if she can be saved from the fatal effects of the political and social crimes of her cities, it will be because the salt of her civilization in the simple virtues of the plain country people has not lost its savor.

As Pres. Gallaudet interpreted the address, the deaf enjoyed the address probably as much as the hearing. The speaker was frequently applauded, and when he had finished, there was a prolonged clapping of hands.

After a short pause, the Rev. James A. Doonan, President of Georgetown University, closed the exercises with an appropriate benediction.

The new Kendall School, the College building and the exhibition of drawings in the reading room were then inspected, whereafter the guests assembled in the gymnasium, where the undergraduates gave a drill with dumb bells, chest weights and Indian clubs.

On one or two occasions, Old Probs seemed disposed to mar the success of the day with rain; but after sending down a few drops, he probably thought the event too good to spoil, and put off his rain till evening. The chapel was neatly decorated with flowers and green. Over the platform was the class motto, "*Qui non proficit, deficit,*" in gilt letters, with the figures "1886" beneath. Some of those present among the audience were the following: Mrs. and Miss Dawes, Miss Waite, Mrs. Springer, Miss Armstrong, Miss Stickney, Mrs. Teller, Mrs. Davis, Miss Johnson, Mrs. Walthall, Mrs. Gallaudet, Mrs. Jameson, of Chicago, the Misses Gallaudet, Miss Jameson, Miss Chickering and the other ladies on the Green, Miss Key, Mrs. Dundon, of New York, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Benedict, Miss Case, Mr. Veditz, Miss Jennings, Mrs. Van Schaick, and many others too numerous to mention.

Although the class had requested that no flowers be brought, one of them received two beautiful flower baskets. Mr. Dantzer received a copy of Poe's poems, and Mr. Berg, a neat gold pen and pencil combined.

Friday, the day appointed for the ball, was the worst day imaginable for such an event. It rained from morning till night. The floor in the gymnasium, where the ball was to be held, was flooded, and as there were no signs of fair weather, it was decided to have the dancing in the college dining room. Accordingly the ball committee transferred the decorations from the gymnasium to the dining-room, and put the latter in order. Still it rained. It look gloomy, indeed. But it speaks well for the popularity of our balls, that when the time for dancing arrived the ball room was full. It seemed as if the rain had hardly kept any way. One hundred and thirty programmes were distributed. Quite a number of gentlemen appeared in full dress, and the pretty costumes and bright faces of the ladies soon dispelled the gloom caused by the rain without. Fourteen numbers were danced to the excellent music of Pistorio's Italian band. Refreshments were served in the pupils' dining room, and the dancing continued till one o'clock. All present agreed that it was as enjoyable as such an occasion could possibly be. Nearly all from the city came and went in cabs or carriages, so that the rain was not such a drawback as would seem. Among those present were the following: Mr. Adams and Miss Benedict, Mr. Van Allen and Miss Case, Mr. Roberts and the Misses Mullen, Mr. and Mrs. Holtzman, Mr. Berg and Miss Holzman, Dr. Welch and Miss Annie Elliott, Mr. Waite and Miss Castleman, Dr. Rogers, Misses Gillis and Rock, Miss Smith and Miss Daurey, Mr. Bryant and Miss Agnes Bartlett, Mr. Hauseman and Miss Sallie Bartlett, Mr. Cloud and Miss Grace Gallaudet, Mr. Parsons and Miss Lulu Cnickering, Mr. Edson Gallaudet and Miss Jameson, Mr. Hanson and Miss K. Gallaudet, Mr. Lipsett and Miss Ruthburn, Mr. Kiesel and Miss Hoener, Mr. and Mrs. Hammer, Mr. Edgerton and Miss Fannie Kersey, Mr. Saphr and Miss Katie Kersey, Mr. O'Rourke and Miss Youmans, Mr. Benton and Miss Farrow, Mr. Joyce and Miss King, Mr. Long and the Misses Lackley. President Gallaudet and Professor Chickering and Miss Allen were also present.

The committee of arrangements, Messrs Cleary, McCarthy, Staudacher, Hyde, Long, Barrett. Tracy and Hagerty, deserve the highest praise. Not only did they the double work of putting two halls in order; but every thing was arranged in the best manner, and the affair passed as smoothly as could be desired. Floor Manager Barrett also accredited himself exceedingly well, the manner in which he performed his various duties giving entire satisfaction.

NOTES.

The swimming pool is open twice a week.

Mr. Regensburg was called home this morning by a telegram announcing his mother's serious illness.

Miss Porter goes to Rockville, Md., for two weeks' rest and recuperation.

The Garfield Memorial pictures have arrived at last, and the committee is arranging for their distribution.

McCarthy, '87, has been elected member of the Washington Biological Society, which numbers among its members several prominent scientists.

The photographs of the gymnasium captains, Messrs. Saxton, '82, Smith, '83, Allabough, '84, Hasenstab, '85, Adams, '86, have been framed and hung in the gymnasium.

Mr. Veditz, '84, surprised us all by coming here for Presentation Day. He was accompanied by one of his pupils, Master Tschiffly, a "duck in the egg" as Mr. Adams expressed it—that is, a prospective stu dent.

Mr. Theodore Michael came all the way from Indiana to see his friends graduate.

Mrs. Dundon, of New York, came to witness the graduation of her son, and spent a few days in the city.

Lectures will be delivered under the auspices of the N. E. Branch of the Y. M. C. A., cor. 8th and "I" Sts., N. E., on May 11th, by Prof. Chickering—subject, Natural Science; on May 18th, by Prof. Gordon—subject, Deaf-Mutes and their Education; on May 25th, by Dr. Gallaudet—subject, the Silver Dollar.

FRANK FRYXELL.

May 8, 1886.

The Garfield Memorial Picture.

The lithographs of the Garfield Memorial have been received in Washington, and will be sent out as soon as possible The following circular will go with each copy:

"The accompanying picture of the Garfield Memorial is sent to all subscribers to the Fund who have paid in one dollar or more.

"The gift was originally the offer of Mr. H. P. Arms, of Philadelphia, to whom is due the merit of the design and its execution.

"The reasons for the long delay in the issue of the picture are briefly these:—

"The Faculty of the College were not satisfied with the designs submitted by Mr. Arms immediately after the completion of the Memorial, and undertook to furnish a sketch that would give him an idea of their wishes. This was done after some delay; but this delay has carried the matter over to a period in Mr. Arms's business affairs when, from lack of facilities and other causes, it had become a work of great difficulty. Besides, the design of the Faculty far exceeded in size and elaborateness of detail what Mr. Arms had proposed to do when he made the offer. Still, he cheerfully undertook to carry out the ideas of the Faculty.

"For these reasons the Faculty have thought it just for the fund to to bear a portion of the expense, and have declined Mr Arms's offer to reimburse it. The value of the work of Mr. Arms is estimated to be about seventy-five dollars.

"The name of the owner of each copy will be written upon the upper corner of the back of it, as well as upon the pasteboard case in which it is sent.

"When post-office addresses are unknown, copies will be sent to the agent through whom the subscriptions were received. This will also be done where subscribers are known to be connected with schools or living near one another.

"Should any owner not receive his copy by the end of the first week in June, he is requested to notify the undersigned.

AMOS G. DRAPER, *Treasurer.*

KENDALL GREEN, May 10, '86.

Fanwood Coaching Club.

EDITOR HODGSON:—If not too late, please allow space for this note about the organization which has been fraternized solely with an object of celebrating Independence Day by a tally-ho drive. Such will be inaugurated at Mansion House somewhere located on the sound, and about ten miles from Long Island City. The affair will be of startling grandeur, such as has never before occurred in deaf mutedom. The grove embraces three capacious diamond-fields, foot-ball grounds, shooting gallery, dancing pavilion, etc.

The recording Secretary, Joseph Wagele, has made contracts for meals and the stage respectively. The cost of meals is estimated to be as much as $1.50 per person. The stage will be dragged by eight horses. The admittance fee is four dollars.

This association is under the 18 karat captaincy of Mr. John C. Reilly, and those contemplating to partake in this event may address either the captain, 62 South 5th Avenue, or Henry Benermann, 454 Eighth Avenue. All money is solicited on installment plan, and is not taken through mail.

The handsome display of national flags, Japanese lanterns, and pyrotechnics in the evening on the return, will create a superb occasion. Two weeks prior to this day (July 5th) the turnout will be announced.

H. B.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

E. D. WINSLOW, the Boston forger, is in jail at Buenos Ayres for swindling.

HENRY ARCHER was burned to death in his sleeping room at Owen Sound, Ont.

IN the House of Commons Gladstone moved the second reading of his bill conferring home rule on Ireland.

THE trial of Maxwell for the murder of Preller in St. Louis—the Southern Hotel trunk tragedy—was begun on Monday.

THE body of David Savage, for a long time missing from his home at Cambridgeport, Mass., was discovered in a swamp near Vanesborough, Me.

JUAN SALLES, a Mexican murderer, being pursued by cowboys, barricaded himself in a ranch at Yellow Canon, Saturday, set fire to it and was burned to death.

A CYCLONE passed over Kansas City last Tuesday, doing great damage to property. A school was completely wrecked and about fifteen children killed. The loss of life will aggregate over thirty, while the list of those injured is probably over one hundred.

THE steamer Servia arrived at Queenstown on Monday, twenty-four hours behind time. She reports that on the day after leaving New York, as five seamen were covering the windlass on the forecastle, there being a head wind from the northeast and strong head sea, an immense wave struck the steamer on the port bow with terrific force, dashing the five seamen on to the main deck. One of them was instantly killed, and another died shortly after. Both were buried at sea.

A RESPONSIBLE person who has seen and talked with ex-President Arthur during the last two weeks says that he is fearfully reduced and does not weigh over one hundred pounds. His arms can be spanned by a man's hand. The ex-President himself believes that he will not get well, and his brother, Major Arthur, of the Pay corps, who was lately ordered to the Department of Texas, got an extension of thirty days' time, from the 15th of April to the 15th of May, on account of his brother's illness. The impression given was not that the ex-President was beyond hope or had an incurable disease, but that his condition was very critical, and the distinguished patient himself and his family were prepared for the worst. The 17th of April was the crisis, and although he has passed it alive, yet he is so weak and emaciated that it is doubtful if he can rally.

A STRANGE phenomenon occurred during the storm of Saturday night in the vicinity of the Chicago Board of Trade tower light. It was none other than a shower of birds. Next day, when the watchman made his rounds, he found the sidewalks and streets in front of the tower fairly covered with dead birds of all sorts. A little later the electrician came down, and when he saw the great piles of birds he said that they had been killed by the electric light at the top of the tower. When he went up to the lantern with several members of the Board of Trade the roof was found to be covered with dead birds, and each of the lamps in the big circle of light was filled with them, one globe having eight birds in it. These birds are of every known variety and many unknown, or rather unfamiliar, species are among the lot. All shades and colors are there—scarlet, blue, pink, red, canary, mottled black and white, and there were some snipe and plover among them. The theory is that they were migratory flocks going from south to north, and were attracted by the great light which killed them the moment they touched it. There was a countless number of them, enough to trim all the ladies hats in Illinois. Many persons were on the street with bags and baskets, and in less than two hours the sidewalks were cleared.

Human Electrotypes.

A new method of disposing of the human body after death has been proposed by M. Kergovatz, a chemist, of Brest. His system is an antiseptic one, stated to be much simpler and less expensive than the old process of embalming, and is nothing more than a new galvano-plastic application. The body is coated with a conducting substance, such as plumbago, or is bathed with a solution of nitrate of silver, woich, after decomposition under the influence of sunlight, leaves a finely-divided deposit of metallic silver. It is then placed in a bath of sulphate of copper, and connected for electrolysis with several cells of a gravity or other battery of constant current. The result is that the body is encased in a skin of copper, which prevents further change or chemical action. If desired, this may be again plated wito gold or silver, according to the taste or wealth of the friends of the dead. M. Kergovatz, it is said, has employed the process eleven times on human subjects and on many animals, and states that in all cases it was satisfactory.—*American Stationer.*



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ASK FOR

N. L. THOMAS,

DEAF-MUTE SALESMAN.

NEW YORK.

The Guild's Party.

THE DEBATE.

Personal and not Personal.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

Check-aprons, white-aprons, gingham-aprons, dotted-aprons, yellow-aprons, big and little aprons; aprons for the kitchen, aprons for the parlor, with as many neck-ties, in as many shapes, in as many colors, and for as many uses—it did not matter—as long as a young man got a "tie" that corresponded in some way with an apron, worn by a young lady, he felt in duty bound to "*tie*-up," and pay his attentions to her, "arbitration" even, being discountenanced.

Still, few seemed inclined to "arbitrate," unless it was that staid old fellow, who has been looked at, introduced to, and probably done more service for our mutes, since he first entered on his good work than any other individual among us.

The clock. He had ticked and ticked, and finally decided he had ticked enough, and would take a rest, and keep up with the times by going on "strike" for repairs. On being informed, however, of the jolly lot of visitors assembled in his sanctum on Tuesday evening, the 5th inst., it is not to be wondered be regretted his step, and was more than willing to "arbitrate." But the poor fellow "got left," as did many who glanced at the impression he left on the wall, when they expected to see his smiling face beaming on the inquiring eyes.

It was the occasion of the Guild "Apron and Neck-tie Party," and on the whole was the most enjoyable entertainment given by that organization since its formation. This may be accounted for that it was not overcrowded, and that the company present were a jolly set, and generally inclined to make the time merry while it lasted.

Social chat, forefeits and "t-a-g," tag, were the principal amusements. The former had its due share, as it generally demands, and the next in order was the most amusing, it would appear, from the quantity and quality of the fines imposed on the redemers. The "Honors on the Bench" were performed by Messrs. Hodgson, Allabough, Ballin and O'Brien, each being allowed ten minutes to dispose of the cases before them. Among a few of the fines were:

Fred. Peak had to trot to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and bring back the time. He did, and returned "9:15."

Pull the nose of every gentleman in the room. She did (Miss Smith) with a vengeance.

Take up a penny from the floor with your teeth without the aid of your hands. Ike Soper did this gymnastic feat with all possible grace, much to the detriment of his moustache.

The Judge put down the "cent" that Ike won. He got even by directing a young lady to collect a penny from each gent in the room. She did, too, and the receipts went to the Guild's Fund.

Many other tasks of like nature were given, but Poet Le Clercq, who was "crier" of the court, soon tired of his occupation, and on Mrs. Bailey stating the "ice-cream" was getting warm, all cooled down, and for the next half hour, this luscious edible with cake and lemonade occupied the attention of the guests.

After every one had his or her share, the time was spent in various ways, "tag" being the most conspicuous occupation of about a dozen.

At eleven all decided they had had enough, and after that nothing was left to tell the tale of the Guild's Apron and Necktie Party but the "benches," who had called a special meeting, and went into secret session, to decide whether they would "go out" or not. Up to the present, reports are they have not come to a conclusion. Verily this is a "striking" season?

Among those present, we noticed Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Loew, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Bailey, Mrs. Witschief, the Misses Walker, Felver, Price, Loomis, Brinck, Lizzie Smith, Abel, McIlvaine, Maggie Kelly, Ada Smith and friend, Miss Robinson, Messrs. Allabough, Ballin, Witschief, Donohue, Brown, Capelli, and many others.

Mrs. Bailey and assistants were as happy as the guests, and as the receipts went up about $15, the delight of Treasurer Thomson was accordingly high.

THE DEBATE.

This seems to occupy the attention of every body just at present, and were we to present the opinions of the majority, it would seem to indicate the victors will be from Philadelphia. However, we are not averse to having the best men win, but would like to see it go to our own men. They have a "tight squeeze on the side they represent, still no one can tell but they may come out victors in the end." The "Phillies" got away with the "Giants" best two out of three, Let us hope the "Giants" this time will turn the tables, and send their opponents home, the happy possessors of a "goose-egg." Then we can talk on "Mr. Spy's" suggestion that Mr. Bruthi be given the job of weaving silk into the word, "VICTORY."

We presume all the mutes in this city and vicinity get their JOURNAL Friday: for that reason we give a few hints on the most convenient way to reach the Hall. By way of Brooklyn take Green cars at Grand street ferry; they pass the door. All the uptown cars from 8th Avenue to 2d Avenue pass within a few blocks of the Hall, and the debate being to swell the funds of the Gallaudet Memorial, every one should deem it his or her duty to attend. Debate, it is said, begins at 8:15 sharp.

PERSONAL AND NOT PERSONAL.

The Fanwood Coaching Club held a meeting, Thursday evening, and the roll shows there are twenty-four members initiated, with an average of four dollars a man in the treasury. They want more members and money, and guarantee a "bang up" time on the 5th of July.

The death of Rev. Father Plunkett occurred one day last week, and throws a gloom over all who were acquainted with him. He took a large and active interest in the Brooklyn Sunday School, and was altogether a great favorite with its members.

The dog show which opened in Madison Square Garden, Monday last, had 1,600 cages to accommodate the influx of "bow-wows" who were expected to occupy them. Old Reliable Tom Campbell had the honor of being the maker of one-fourth of that number, and was a visitor each day at the garden.

Artist Tresch helped the show by sketches of "prize-winners" which appeared in the daily papers from day to day. The cuts in the *Morning Journal* of Sunday, are exceedingly amusing and artistic.

A match game of ball between Members of the St. Joseph's Union of Brooklyn and C. L. and B. U., and the boys of the Fordham Institute is to take place on the 23d. Score is expected to stand 57 to 0 in favor of the latter.

The Gallaudet Club tickets are out; can be had of any of the members, and were the work of Mr. David Ballin.

Messrs. Donnelly and O'Brien extend thanks to the sender of the invitations to be at the "Presentation Day" exercises at Kendall Green. They arrived at the Penna. R. R. Depot just a half second too late to catch the Washington "special" and were thus prevented from attending. Regards from us, Jack, all the same. Hope to greet you through June.

Would somebody enlightened a few interested, as to where Eddie Dundon is playing this summer, and will he let the JOURNAL know if he intends to come Eastward.

Pat. Campbell is a Union man, member of "Big Six." That he is getting Union price, a gold headed cane will testify to.

About fifty attended the services at St. Ann's Sunday last. An interesting event during the service was the baptizing of Mr. Arthur L. Thomas by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet.

The nine that appeared in last week's JOURNAL as likely to contest with the Fanwood's on Decoration Day promises to give the boys a mighty hard tussle, as several are now practising every evening.

Pat. Kelly, of Jersey City, attended the Guild's party Tuesday, and will be at the debate. It is rumored a young lady hereabouts will soon be known as Mrs. Kelly.

MONTAGUF TIGG.

Killed on the Railroad.

The *Evening Item*, of Richmond, Ind., printed the following concerning Albert Burkhardt, who was killed on the railroad a couple of weeks ago:—

"I beg leave to correct some mistaken in the statement in the *Item* of May 1st, concerning how Albert F. Burkhardt got hurt at Franklin, Ohio. He was at the depot to get some newspapers and then went to the 2d street crossing but he could not cross the canal, the bridge being out of repair and open. He turned back to go up to the first street crossing to cross the canal. He was walking on the ends of the ties, watching a freight train on a side track; had proceeded fifty or seventy-five yards before he was struck behind by a bumper of the engine of a passenger train. He was injured severely internally and one of his legs broken just below the knee. The train was running at the rate of thirty miles an hour, contrary to the laws of Ohio regulating the speed of locomotives, etc., through town. There is no Ohio paper company in Franklin, Ohio. A. E. Burkhardt was employed in the Franklin paper mills.

"J. E. Townsend."

The remains of Albert Burkhardt arrived in this city Saturday night, accompained by his parents, wife and brother, and were taken to the residence of his father, on south 7th street. The funeral took place yesterday afternoon from the little Methodist church on south 7th street. There was an unusually large number in attendance. His heart-broken wife fainted three times during the funeral services. His remains were interred at Earlham."

Notice.

The Holy Communion will be celebrated in the signs, God willing, on Sunday, May 16th., at 11 A.M., in St. Andrew's chapel, at 128th Street near Fourth Ave., N. Y. Sign service will also be held on Sunday, the 16th inst., at 3 P.M., in Calvary Church, corner Eighth and South Ninth Streets, Brooklyn, E. D., when it is expected that a child of deaf-mute parents will receive the Sacrament of Infant Baptism, at which all of our residents in that city are invited to be present.

Confirmation will be administered in St. Ann's Church next Sunday, May 16th, at 3:30 P.M.

Holy Communion at the service for Deaf-Mutes, 2:45 P.M., on Whit Sunday, June 13th.

A Handsome Gift.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, of the Edgar Thomson Steel Works, Braddock, Pa., has donated $5,000 for a library to the deaf-mute Institution at Edgewood. The money is given in such a way that the interest of the fund is to be devoted each year to the purchase of new books, which purchase is to be made by the board of managers,

Convention Circluar, No 4.

JACKSONVILLE, April 28, 1886.

President E. M. Gallaudet, Chairman of the Executive Committee, having, in the April number of *The American Annals of the Deaf and Dumb*, issued the call for the Eleventh Convention to assemble at the California Institution, Thursday, July 15th, 1886, and the time being close at hand when members of the profession will determine their plans for the summer, I think it well to make some further announcement of the arrangements thus far effected for the the transportation of members to San Francisco and return.

The officers of Transcontinental Lines have been furnished a list of the superintendents of American Institutions for the deaf, and have forwarded to each, copies of their folders and other publications, setting forth the attractions of the different routes. Members can probably go to San Francisco by any of the California lines and return by any of these, arrangements having already been made with nearly all of them, or the return may be made by the Northern Pacific Railroad, or by the Oregon Short Line of the Union Pacific.

Objection was made to my circular No. 3 that it involved Sunday travel by parties east and north of Chicago. To obviate this, the route via Kansas City instead of via Council Bluffs has been decided upon for the benefit of such, who can spend Sunday, July 4th, here.

The hospitalities of the Illinois Institution are tendered members of the Convention for Saturday and Sunday, July 3rd and 4th, and of the Colorado Institution for Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, July 6th, 7th, and 8th, and of the Nebraska Institution, at any time members may be on their return trip.

Tickets will be good for return, eighty-five days after the close of the Convention.

Mr. Dudley, Superintendent of the Colorado Institution, has so arranged that members of the Convention will have the best possible opportunities for enjoying the beautiful and wonderful objects of nature clustered around that Institution. His arrangements will include a picnic one day at Manitou, and another day at Cheyenne Canon. Persons who so desire, will have the opportunity of making the ascent of Pike's Peak.

The representatives of all the railroad lines have been kind and courteous in the concessions they have made to members of the Convention, especially in the opportunity afforded of returning via a route different from the one taken in going. This will not be attended by an additional expense provided the return route is decided upon and ticket purchased before leaving the Missouri River, except for steamer passage between San Francisco and Portland, as hereinafter explained.

Members, if they prefer, can go individually, but as there are advantages of congenial and professional association in a party, I suggest that those who prefer a party, meet me at the Grand Pacific Hotel, or the Union Depot, corner Canal and Madison Streets, Chicago, or meet Mr. Chas. H. Gillett at the Southern Hotel, or the Union Depot, St. Louis, (these hotels will give members of our Convention reduced rates for room and board,) Saturday, July 3rd.

Proceed via Chicago & Alton Railroad to Jacksonville, by special train, (leaving Chicago at 11 A.M., and St. Louis at 6 P.M.,) Saturday, for supper. Spend Sunday, July 4th, at the Illinois Institution. (Here our train will be side tracked over Sunday without additional expense.) Very early Monday morning, July 5th, be *en-route* by special train to Kansas City for breakfast. After a few hours in Kansas City Monday afternoon, take special train on the Union Pacific Railroad, at 11 A.M., taking dinner at Topeka and supper at Ellis, arriving at Denver Tuesday morning, 6th, at 8 o'clock. Spend Tuesday in Denver, taking evening train on the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, for Colorado Springs. Enjoy the hospitalities of the Colorado Institution until Friday morning, July 9th. Picnic Wednesday at Manitou, and Thursday at Cheyenne Canon. Friday morning resume journey on the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, which company will give us a special train, making stops at points of interest along the route. Arrive at Salt Lake City Saturday evening, July 10th. Spend Sunday and Monday, July 11th and 12th, at Salt Lake City. (The proprietors of the best hotels in Salt Lake City have agreed to give members of our party special reduced rates for room and board.) Monday, July 12th, proceed by special train via D. & R. G., and Central Pacific Railroads, reaching San Francisco Tuesday evening, July 13th.

The Trustees and Superintendent of the California Institution desiring to make this Convention the utmost profit possible, extend their hospitalities to the Convention for such length of time as its members might deem it wise to continue their sessions. While I have no authority to speak in this matter, yet I will presume to express the opinion that it will be found necessary, in view of the fact that the Convention is to be organized in sections apart of each day, and that Prof Wilkinson is planning for some pleasure excursions and sight seeing, to occupy about one week in its business, deliberations and recreations.

After the adjournment of the Convention members will separate in such ways as each may find best, returning east at their pleasure. A party will be made up to return via Portland, Oregon to "take in," over the Northern Pacific Railroad, the scenery of the Columbia and Williamette Rivers, Lake Pend D'Oreille, Spokane Falls, and Yellowstone Park; or over the Oregon Short Line of the Union Pacific Railroad, the scenery of the Columbia, Williamette and Snake rivers and Shoshone Falls.

This occasion will afford the members of our profession one of the most enjoyable tours on this planet. Its expense will not be large, the transcontinental lines having given us a special rate of $50 from the Missouri River to San Francisco and return. The Missouri Passenger Association, the Illinois Central Railroad, the Central passenger Committee, and the Michigan Railway Association, and the Trunk Line Association have given us a round trip for one fare. I have no doubt that in a short time I will be able to announce that the Southern Association has made a similar concession. This will give us reduced rates from the Atlantic and Gulf to the Pacific and return.

Taking New York as a representative eastern and southern point, a reasonable estimate of the expense of this trip will be as follows:

Missouri River to San Francisco and return	$50 00	
Sleepers both ways	28 00	
Meals both ways	20 00	
Board at Salt Lake two days	5 00	
		103 00
Chicago to Kansas City and return	12 50	
Sleepers both ways	6 00	
Meals both ways	2 25	
		20 75
New York to Chicago and return	25 00	
Sleepers both ways	10 00	
Meals both ways	7 50	
		42 50
Total, New York to San Francisco and return		$166 25

These estimates are ample for necessary traveling expenses. (Side trips, souvenirs, &c., not included.) I have reason to expect that when the time comes our party will have still lower rates than these.

The preceding estimates are based upon the hypothesis that the tourist will require a whole double berth alone, and three "square" meals each day. The sleeping car charges may be reduced by dividing berth with a friend, or by three persons occupying one section; and the expense of meals by patronizing the lunch counter. These, however, I would not recommend for comfort.

Persons who intend returning via Portland and the Northern Pacific Railroad, or the Oregon Short Line of the Union Pacific Railway will have no railroad fare, in addition to the above named, but will have to pay $12.50 for steamship fare, including meals and state-room, (the vessels of this line are said to be among the best in the world) from San Francisco to Portland, and may have a small additional outlay for transfers and a few hours longer time on the road.

The return ticket from the Missouri is good to Chicago either from Kansas City, Omaha or St. Paul.

Persons coming from the South can come to St. Louis at several dollars less expense than to Chicago. The fare to Kansas City is $5 less from St. Louis than from Chicago. The Chicago & Alton Railroad will give members of our party lay-over privileges at Jacksonville Saturday and Sunday, July 3rd and 4th, *en route* either from Chicago or St. Louis, without any additional charge. If any members of the convention coming to St. Louis desire to return via one of the northern lines, it would be well for them to secure tickets reading from Chicago to Kansas City, as they will be allowed by the Chicago & Alton Railroad to use that portion of their ticket at the end of the journey instead of at its beginning, and to St. Louis in lieu of to Kansas City. If parties desiring such tickets will notify me soon, I will see that they are ready for them upon their arrival at this Institution.

Members of the Convention living either in Missouri, Kansas or Colorado can have similar tickets provided for them by giving me timely notice, stating route in full by which they wish to return. The tickets will be furnished them when they join the party *en route*.

I respectfully and earnestly request all who are proposing to attend the Convention to notify me quite soon of this fact, and whether they will go singly or join a party such as I have suggested and outlined herein, as arrangements for trains will be determined by the responses received. There is much yet to be done to make all the arrangements as complete and enjoyable as I desire. The best that is possible will be done for you, but it is especially desired not to have the arrangements indequate, nor to have the provision larger than the party will require, as, in the latter case, either our railroad friends would suffer annoyance and some loss, or I should be obliged to indemnify them.

Please also inform me soon how much room you wish in the sleeping car, and with whom you would prefer to occupy a section or berth.

Several persons have made inquiry concerning outfit, &c. I supposed I had made this plain in my circular No. 3. An elaborate wardrobe will not be required on this occasion, but as it will be cold in the mountains and at the sea side, warm wraps will be desirable. Have as little *impedimenta* as is compatible with comfort. This, while a pleasure trip, is for a business and professional purpose, and not a dress parade.

I would be glad, also, to know who would like to join a party of ladies and gentlemen to visit the Yellowstone Park, either by the railroad and coach line, or to explore it with saddle and pack horses, tents, &c., camping out for ten days or a fortnight. There are places of interest in the Park that can be reached only in this way. I am in correspondence with an experienced and capable purveyor who furnishes complete outfits, guides, cooks, &c. The expense of this will be about $5.00 a day.

The N. P. R. R. sells round trip tickets into the Park for $10, $30, and $40, covering all expenses for railroad and stage fare, and room and board at hotels for one, three or five days in the Park. If parties wish to protract their stay in the Park, board at the hotels can be secured at $4 per day.

The persons who are eligible to membership in the Convention (I am arranging for transportation for such only) are stated by Dr. Gallaudet, in his call for the Convention, to be all persons engaged in the education and religious instruction of the deaf in America, which is understood to include former workers in this field, honorary members of previous conventions, and such others as the principals of the several schools consider may properly participate in the proceedings of the Convention. Principals and Superintendents are requested to furnish me, as soon as practicable, the names of such whom they have invited, with a statement of their relation to our work. Female relatives, and male members under 21, of the families of the members and honorary members of the Convention, the railroad companies have also authorized me to include in this provision. I have no authority to issue certificates outside of these limits, and certainly would not abuse the generous concessions given us by the railroad companies.

Please favor me, as soon as possible, with the names of persons who intend to join our party in compliance with these conditions, and the route each will take from point of departure to Chicago or St. Louis, and I will send certificates authorizing such to purchase tickets at reduced rates.

I will gladly receive any suggestions looking to a better plan of procedure.

Respectfully,

PHILIP G. GILLETT,
Chairman, Etc.

Coxsackie, N. Y.

Tim Weeks, of Coxsackie, has returned from his extended trip through North Carolina and the Southern states, where he has passed about six months. His improved appearance is abundant evidence that the journey has been beneficial.

The many friends of Miss Mary A. Harrigan, of Amsterdam, N. Y., could not prevail on her to prolong her stay in Troy, long ago. She left us on the train, holding the hearts of several admirers in the hollow of her hand.

Mr. William Barter, of Rutland, Vt., on account of the illness of his wife, has resigned and gone to Baltimore, Md., where she is stopping. He relinguishes his permanent employment at $2,500 a year.

Tim E. Fentress, of Norfolk, Va., will have made a "cuckoo" clock with his scroll-saw by this week. He has been at it since last March. The "cuckoo" clock is a beautiful ornament, and there is a little door over the dial at which the bird appears and announces the hour in a flute like-voice similar to the cuckoo's song. If the hour indicates one, the bird appears, bows and sings "cuckoo" once, and disappears; if the hand is at two, he sings "cuckoo" twice, and so on up to twelve, when he sings twelve times. It is new and stylish. The clock contains all the movements, and is about 20 inches high and ten inches wide. The wonderful clock belongs to Mr. Frentess' employer. It may be bought for $50.

Paxton Pollard, of Norfolk, Va., is a smart printer. He is in business for himself. He left the college, at Washington, D. C., for good. He was first educated at the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. He is learning to be an engraver on steel. He expects to buy a copper-plate press, with which he will start an engraving office in the near future.

Around the beautiful residence of Mr. M. V. Watts, the mother of William A., the fruit trees are in full blossom of white and red, and the air is filled with the sweet fragrance of flowers.

The doctor says he is in hopes of W. A. Watts's mother's recovery. She has been sick a-bed over a month.

COXSACKIE.

May 5, '86.

GEORGIA.

I had the pleasure of being at our Institution a few weeks ago, and to my great surprise the school was in a great state of prosperity, there being about ninety in attendance.

I dined with Samuel Freeman, formerly of Cincinnati, but now a teacher in the Georgia Institute, and learned from him that the mutes were all very active in base ball yet.

But I am sorry to say they have no good playground yet; but W. O. Connor, our most esteemed Principal, is coming down to hard labor trying to have a nice playground fixed, and as he always succeeds I would not be surprised to hear of their great triumph.

Isaac Moore our great eight-foot giant, still holds the fort as first baseman, but in the other parts of the field there has been a change since I left school.

I was in Atlanta, Ga., just before Christmas, and was informed by the hotel men that deaf mutes who stopped there never paid their bills, and that if it was in my power, they wanted me to tell them that such an act was not applauded in Georgia.

Those who read this will please take notice.

We are sorry to say that Dr. John Bailey, the mute doctor, has failed in practice, and hung up his old pill bags in the smoke house.

M. M. COX.

Baltimore.

There seems to be some misunderstanding in regard to the Gallaudet Fund and the purpose for which it was started among several of the mutes in this community. "Anti-Rep" was received with a shower of wild turkeys and bricks for endeavoring in his last letter to encourage every mute in this benighted town, but as his suggestions have failed, it matters nothing to himself. However the ladies seem to show better and more enterprising spirit than the boys and their collections, we are told are progressing very fairly. Mr. Veditz, the sub-agent for Maryland, while in this city, informed your scribe that the mutes living in the counties of this State, whom he has authorized to collect have sent him over $100, while the State agent residing in this city tells us that he has had not a cent handed to him. Mr. Veditz said that if the money was on hand, he was heartily in favor of giving the required $3,000 to Mr. French in order to secure at least the plaster cast of the statue. He says that if necessary Maryland will toe the mark with $200 by next June and possibly with half a hundred more This would be a bigger sum in proportion than the $1,500 pledged by New York. We are sorry to see that Messrs. Thompson, Tillinghast and others have been raising so much ado about the "white elephant," with which they say the National Committee in general and chairman Froehlich in particular have burdened themselves. They should for charity's sake have held their peace, and if the Fund does turn out a "white elephant," they will bear a share of the blame for needlessly frightening the community and discouraging the committee. Mr. Froehlich has so far been carrying the whole burden with the Atlantean fortitude on his young shoulders, and if the ultimate success of the project is achieved, the credit will be due to him and to Professor Draper, the efficient treasurer, more than to any body else, certainly much more than to W. M. Bond and the rest of his class, who are stultifying themselves by mud-flinging, and like crows and vultures, think to glut their filthy maws on the corpse of the "Fund," which happily, however, is still alive and kicking.

TALK TOWN

Mr. George W. Veditz and Miss Annie Barry spent Easter Holidays in town.

Mr. Jas. Wells seems to be more happy and somewhat relieved of teaching the whole class of colored deaf-mutes at the Saratoga Institution, by the recent appointment of a new articulation teacher, named Miss Hewitt. New improvements are going to be made on the grounds, ere long,—a new house for the boys—so the girls and boys will be separately housed.

We have heard of nobody going up to Frederick on Easter. The "Autumn" combination may have gone up.

Mr. Gustavus Thies intended to go wheeling on his bicycle down the Frederick turnpike to Frederick City, hoping to cover forty-two miles in twelve hours or sooner, but for some cause or other, the trip had to be abandoned. This young fellow is an expert on the wheel.

The May Blossoms Social, held on the 4th of this month, was a grand success. Particulars later.

The Philadelphia papers have been speaking very highly of our boy pitcher Kilroy. Poetry from the Philadephia *News* has been lavished freely upon him. "Mr. Spy" may smile, of course, as Kilroy is a Philadelphian, and we shall smile, too, as Matthews of the Athletics is a Baltimorean. Here is a specimen of Nugget from the Philadelphia *News*:

The Athletics were downed by Kilroy;
Och! my, "he's a broth of a boy."
When he puts on his twists,
With his magical fists,
His comrades are grinning with joy.

Mr. H. I. Palmer, who with his mother intended to dwell in this city, has now settled at Belair, Md.

Not long ago, Mr. Geo. A. Gallion of Perrymansville, Harford County, Md., was in town sight-seeing and had a superb time among his old friends.

A group of deaf-mutes were seen standing at a corner witnessing the labor demonstrations on the night of the 29th ultimo. All were from Prof. Knapp's school, where the mutes are taught lip-reading, without making signs or finger operations.

Mr. Wells for some time past has been wearing the official gown of an Episcopal lay-reader, when officiating in Grace Chapel on Sunday afternoons.

Easter Day was observed very quietly among mutes of this city, and nothing important to say needs to be reported.

Yours truly,

ANTI-REP.

Brick Building Fund of Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes.

BULLETIN, No. 35.

Apr. 4. Cash,	50
" 18. B. Metzner,	5 00
" 20. Mrs. Nelson,	10 35
" 25. W. D. Munger,	2 00

The Fund now amounts to $1,700.08. We are often asked why the Fund continues as the farm for it has been purchased. It is true that the farm has been bought, but it has not been fully paid for; a mortgage is on it, and until that is paid we must continue to raise all we can.

A few pictures of the Gallaudet Home can be obtained of the undersigned on the following terms:—photographs, 50 cents each, wood engravings, 25 cents each. Those living at a distance, please send money by postal note.

CLEMENT R. THOMPSON,
22 East 21st St.
Secretary and Treasurer.

COLUMBUS, O.

The Typographical Union, No. 5. of this city, is getting to be very solid and strong. Two-thirds of the printing houses in town are under the control of the Union. They are still boycotting the "scab" shops. There are two deaf and dumb printers in the Union—they being John S. Leib and "Old Sport," both ex-pupils of the Ohio School. "In *Union* is strength."

The *Sporting Life*, from Philadelphia dated April 21st, has a correspondent from Nashville, Tenn., who writes that "the good work of Dundon must be very gratifying to Manager Goldsby, as he signed him in opposition to the opinion of the directors, who thought it rather a risky move. The shrewd Manager had faith in Dundon, and it was not misplaced."

Ohio to the front! Joseph W. Lieb, who made a brilliant record on second base in 1876 while the old Independent Base ball club was on tour during the summer months, has signed a contract to play on second base with the Altoona, Pa., club this year. He was educated at the Ohio school and two years at the National College. As soon as he signed the contract, he quit working at the rolling mill, where he has faithfully worked for about four years. He left last week for Altoona, Pa., and many of his friends are happy over his luck. No doubt he will play to the great satisfaction of his manager. He never takes drinks nor chews tobacco.

Owing to the lack of orders, Willie T. Rose, of the Coleman & Felber Bakery, spent two days in Delaware and Ashly, O., last week. Back to his post last Wednesday morning.

According to the *Vis-a-Vis* of last week, Fred. Wilson was killed by a train in Missouri. He was once a graduate of the Ohio School.

Saw Miss Flora Valkel, of Grove City, O., on evening of last week, on High Street, while the torch-light procession was in progress.

The ball for the benefit of the brick layers was held two weeks ago. Only four mutes were present.

It is said that John B. Benedict, since graduating from the Ohio school (in 1882) has not recovered his health yet. We hope he will be all right before long.

Wm. Geiger is an apprentice on the *Irish Times*, as a news compositor. It was started about a month ago, in the interest of the Irish people.

"Mr. L. W. Flennekin, who, for so many years, was supervisor at the Institution for Deaf and Dumb, but who now occupies a similar position at the Western Pennsylvania Institution, is visiting the scene of his early labors. His friends will be glad to hear of the complete recovery of his eyesight after several months of partial and entire blindness from mountain oak poisoning."

The above clipping is from the daily *Dispatch* of yesterday. He came here for health, and is now in Pennsylvania. While here, he treated all his friends like a gentleman. Pomp, my dear, come again.

Still another blow: "Dundon, Nashville's deaf and dumb pitcher, struck out twenty five men in two games. Dundon hails from Columbus, O., and is a graduate of the State Deaf and Dumb Asylum." — *Cleveland Leader*.

THE FIRE-BUG.

The Columbus *Dispatch* of yesterday chronicled the following about the notorious Davis, the deaf-mute fire-bug:

"Charles Davis, the mute fire-bug, is again in hoc, having been arrested shortly after noon today. He came in a new role this time, having been detected in the act of robbing the R. N. Neil residence, at the northwest corner of Broad and Fourth Streets. A few minutes after one o'clock Mrs. Neil was in an upstairs room, not dreaming of interruption of any kind. Happening to glance up to a large mirror immediately in front of her, she saw the reflection of some one in an apartment on the opposite side of the hall. Knowing the house to be without an occupant save herself, she immediately suspected that a house-breaker had got in. Retaining her presence of mind she passed through the room intervening her own and the one in which the intruder was, and found a boy moving stealthily about on tip-toe. With commendable courage she rushed in and seized the thief by the arm, and although he struggled vigorously, she succeeded in holding him captive till the arrival of her son, whom she hailed as he came in at the rear door below. At first they did not know who their prisoner was, but on Davis indicating his deafness in response to their queries, the thought struck them that they had in custody the troublesome incendiary, and their original intention of lecturing the boy and turning him loose changed. The son escorted David to the City Prison, where he was slated "loitering." How he obtained enterance is not known to a certainty, but as the front door was found ajar, it is supposed he manipulated the lock. He was barefooted and carried a fistful of hand-bills, evidently for the purpose of averting suspicion if caught going in any place."

Messrs. Frank Flenniken and Edward Santo, who recently resigned their positions at the Ohio School, have commenced a restaurant and club room, in partnership, on 17 Main Street.

"Florist at Deaf and Dumb Asylum," with the second head-line "While Drawing Salary and Boarding" at the Institution, Cares for the Greenhouses of Columbus Citizens," were the head lines in the daily *Times* of last Sunday morning. The article ran on:

"The Board of Trustees of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum can do the State and tax payers of Ohio good service as well as save considerable money. In the annual report of Superintendent Pratt, under the head of "List of persons employed in the Ohio Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, November 15, 1885," can be found the name of Albert Knopf, occupation, Russell, florist, at a salary of $600 per annum. He not only receives this salary, but he boards and has his washing done at the Institution. It is not the intention of the *Times* to do Mr. Knopf any injustice, but having heard that this gentleman not only draws this munificent salary from the State, but cares for the greenhouses of Messrs. Sessions and Mace, for which it is alleged that he receives a salary equal to that paid him by the State. It can not be doing justice to the State or institution for which he has been appointed to absent himself to look after the private greenhouses of the citizens of this city, and when he was elected as florist he did not make any bargain that he could or should do work on time belonging to the state neither has he any right to furnish button-hole or other boquets to his favorites, in which are included several young ladies and gentlemen that move in aristocratic circles. Well, if that is so the sooner Trustee Herbrt looks into the matter the better for the State. If this Trustee does not pay any attention to the matter, the same will be refereed to the Chief Executive, and it will most likely be mentioned in a way that will not be approved of by the Board of Trustees of that institution."

OLD SPORT.

Prof A G Bell
Scott Circle

FANWOOD.

How the Pupils Enjoy Out-door Recreation.

DR. PEET ON ORGANIZED LABOR.

Tid-Bits.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

"When summer hangs her jewels rare
On every plant and tree,
And soft and balmy is the air,
As happy still is he.
The base ball season has come round,
And with a joyous shout
He rushes to the base ball ground
Each day when school 'lets out.'
You'll find he can at once recall
Each champion player's name;
He is an authority on all
The technics of the game.
Some early day you'll see his face
And eyes with rapture shine—
When he achieves the honored place
Of Captain of the Nine.
First lease of power that he has known;
Who can describe his joy?
The sceptered monarch on his throne
Would envy then the boy."

Aside from the regular school and work shop duties, nothing seems to engage the attention of our boys more than the exhilarating game of base-ball. It is a surprising fact that there are already so many clubs organized that it would give one the idea that the entire number of male pupils are members of some one of these clubs, which cannot be far from the truth. What is peculiar about these organizations is that, instead of making a pick regardless of his standing in the class-room and upon the merit of the player only, as heretofore, the tendency is to form nines from their respective classes; thus every class has its nine, and their ambition is to win a victory over the other. Even those that are left out of these clubs, toss the ball, either together or in solitary amusement.

The fair sex also toss the ball, and do themselves justice, too, and when no males are watching, they can often throw farther than many would suppose. But the leading amusement, which makes things lively and interesting among their sex, is the "Grace Hoop," played between two or more persons. It consists of small colored hoops varying from half a foot to a foot and perhaps a little more in diameter, and two sticks about two feet long to be held in each hand of the player. The hoop is sent to the opposite player with these sticks, who catches it by letting it fall over the sticks, which she holds in her hands, and then in return sends it back and *vice versa*. The art of throwing and catching requires skill in order to become a graceful player, and it is altogether a very appropriate game for the girls. There are many other things to occupy their attention during their out door recreation. About the time they are out in the open air after supper, the great Hudson River steamers pass by, sometimes very near the Institution dock, the passengers of which are often saluted with the wave of a hundred or more dainty handkerchiefs, and it is impossible to describe the delight depicted on their faces. And again, as the "jolly tars" of the "Ariel" and "Evangeline" boat clubs pull out into the river and catch their eyes, there is another "salute," which the rowers always return by swinging their hats.

DR. PEET'S LECTURE.

On Friday last, Dr. Peet, the principal of the New York Institution, gave a lecture to a number of his more advanced pupils, and illustrated and enforced the following points in respect to "organized labor."

1. In former times the rich and the powerful kept the poor in subjection by means of the military arm.

2. Until within a few years a large portion of the people of Rus-ia were serfs—slaves of the soil, obliged to cultivate ground for or to pay a tax to the nobleman who owned it.

3. Even in America, until the late civil war, there were millions of people in slavery.

4. In China, the poor live for a few cents a day. In Europe, the workingmen can seldom have meat more than twice a week.

5. Money has a tendency to concentrate itself in a few hands. The men who own money establish factories, build railroads, steamships, telegraph lines, etc.

6. Uneducated men are apt to be at the mercy of men of superior education and ability, and in this way a few have been able to control the many.

Education, however, has taught laborers their rights, and it has taught them that by combining together in societies, they can make their ideas known and felt. The workingmen have become inventors, legislators, etc.

7. They appeal to the honesty and justice of their employers. They create public sentiment. They prove that if capital is necessary, labor also is necessary.

8. If they are governed by wise and good counsels, they will insist upon honest and skillful labor for good, not excessive, pay.

9. If their employers are unjust and refuse to yield to their just demands, they can refuse to work either as individuals or as a body. This refusal to work, if made suddenly and simultaneously is called a "strike."

10. Every man, unless he has made a promise to work for a certain time at a certain rate has a legal right to stop work at any time, and, if it is done for a good purpose, he has a moral right. And every employer has a legal right to employ another man to take the place of everyone that refuses to work for him; but the striker, that is the man that refuses to work, because he is not satisfied with his pay or the number of hours he has to work for it, has no right, either legal or moral to prevent other people from working for such wages as they choose.

11. Labor and Capital ought to be friends. The employer ought to be the best friend of his employees, and they ought to be his best friends.

The relations of men should be governed by benevolence as well as justice. This is the Christian doctrine.

12. To accomplish the highest results in this direction there should be a good understanding between the employer and the employees.

This is brought about by *arbitration*, which is now considered the wisest course to be pursued in all cases when the employer feels as if he was losing money by employing labor, or the employee feels as if he was unduly enriching his employer by excessive self-sacrifice.

May exhibition takes place on the 18th of this month.

A new base-ball club was established on Wednesday afternoon by Prof. E. H. Currier's little scholars. They call their club the "Pigmies." and its officers are, Henry Betz, Jr., Captain and Treasurer; Chas. H. Cory, Jr., Secretary; Henry Bettels, Peter Meade and Chas. H. Cory, Jr., Directors.

Ten female members of the Bethany Institute for Women's Christian Work, 69 Second Ave., this city, accompanied by Rev. Joseph R. Kerr, D.D., visited the class rooms, last week Wednesday.

John P. Cotter, a graduate of the New York Institution and a quarryman engaged in one of the quarries on Bloomfield Avenue, Newark, N. J., was caught in some hoisting machinery, recently, and had his right leg broken, besides receiving other serious injuries. He was taken to St. Michael's Hospital.

Henry Buermann, one of the leaders of the Fanwood Tally-ho Club, was a Sunday caller. Henry was an apprentice in the Institution printing office, and recently donated a photograph of his handsome self to the art gallery. There is still room left for more. Who next?

Through a mistake made by the compositor who set up our last letter, a line or two was omitted from the item about the debate. In justice to the young ladies, we wish to say that they were on the list of *judges* and not *volunteers*, as appeared in print.

AQUILA.

From Rev. Job Turner.

STAUNTON, VA., May 1, 1886.

MY DEAR JOURNAL:—This letter will inform you that I returned here safely night before last after an absence in the south and Cuba of three months, during which time I did pretty well.

All I want is to give you a true account of our good old friend, Thomas Brown's last sickness.

After landing at Tampa, Fla., from Cuba, I went to the Florida Institution and it was there when I was greatly shocked and grieved to learn of his decease, after which I wrote his widow a sympathizing letter requesting her to give me an account of his sickness and death, which she did at once.

Mr. Brown had a complication of diseases with old age. He expired at the advanced age of 82 years. His deaf-mute father was 84 years old at the time of his death. Thomas was in failing health till death carried him off. He had a severe cold in January with chills and biliousness. He could not retain food on his stomach for two weeks. He suffered greatly for the last two weeks of his life, but retained his mind to the last minute of his life. A noble man he was.

His son, Prof. Brown, of the Michigan Institution, was sent for and was with him much to his comfort. He enjoyed reading his bible and prayer-book as long as he was able to read in bed after he could not sit up.

At his request, Dr. Gallaudet, last year, baptized him and gave him the Holy Communion. We believe that the angels have borne him to the rest of Paradise and that he is enjoying, in perfection, all the faculties of which he was deprived in this life.

No body has any exact idea of his many good actions done for the intellectual and spiritual welfare of his deaf mute friends in his native state, New Hampshire.

How his first meeting was held at Hooksett, N. H., is worth knowing.

He and a few of his deaf-mute friends contributed a good sum of money with which they brought a first rate silver watch to give to Mr Allison, a mute, as a birthday present. They sent for me to make the presentation address in the sign-language which I accordingly did with pleasure at Hooksett, N. H., in the country-house of Mr. Head, a mute, now deceased, where were assembled before a cheerfully blazing fire to witness the novel event, several prominent speaking citizens, one of whom afterwards became Governor of New Hampshire, now dead.

Mr. Brown once asked the members of the Congregationalist church in his place to let me supply the pulpit for the benefit of his deaf-mute friends, numerous in his neighborhood, to which they consented with pleasure. He had a collection taken up for my work, and it amounted to about eight dollars. It was a regular morning service in the church. He always took a deep interest in my mission work, and often told me that he was anxious that I should preach to the deaf-mutes in the Granite State only, but I said that my lot was cast in the South, which vexed him.

To him is due the credit of opening the First New England Gallaudet Association. He has often been called the "Father" of the deaf and dumb conventions.

To him belongs the idea of presenting silver pitchers to Gallaudet and Clerc. One pleasant morning in May 1850, while he was hoeing his corn in what he called the Gallaudet lot, it came into his mind that he and the other mutes of New England ought to give Messrs. Gallaudet and Clerc something as a token of gratitude for their past services. He wrote to Mr. George Homer, an influential mute of Boston, Mass., to that effect, and suggested the presentation of a substantial rocking chair to each of them. Mr. Homer replied that that of a silver pitcher with a salver would be more appropriate, to which he agreed.

Afterwards the idea was carried into effect, and the presentation ceremony performed September 26, 1850. The design was made by this writer.

Mr. Brown, the President of the day, made a pertinent address by signs, which was read by Mr. Weld, then the principal of the Asylum. I have a vivid recollection of seeing him make the speech.

Mr. Brown was the first President of the New England Gallaudet Association, which position he held for several years. How long he held it, has dropped from my memory.

During the sittings in New York City, of the Second National Convention, he learning that he had been put on the Gallaudet Memorial Committee, told me privately that he did not expect to live to see the statue unveiled on account of his much advanced age.

I would tell you many other things about him, but time admonishes me to stop.

I expect to leave here on Wednesday, the 5th inst., for one month's divine campaign.

I will not conclude this without saying that I have received three very interesting letters from Mr. and Mrs. George Homer, of Boston, since their departure from New York for Europe, where they are now stopping at Geneva, Switzerland. They have given me very glowing accounts of the things which they have seen.

I may be able to send you some extracts in a few days.

Yours sincerely,

JOB TURNER.

Woonsocket.

Wallace Shady, the well-known mute of New York, roamed over town recently.

Joseph H. Donnelly has joined the Providence Typographical Union, No. 33.

John Hammel, of Norwich, Conn., is now a "knight of the paint pot" in town and gets good pay.

The writer was in Lawrence, Mass., recently for three days, but did not see any mute there, though he would have been glad to.

Miss Lizzie McDonough, of Pawtucket, has left work for good. She needs rest very badly.

There is in town a compositor, who used to work with Mr. Edwards on the Newark *Press*, and also with Dick Long, in Lima, O.

Mrs. Whipple M. Follette and Mrs. Charles W. Mooney made a pleasant call on Mrs. John F. Donnelly this week.

George Legg is in possession of a small press, by which he gathers in in many shekels in printing cards. His customers are nearly all girls.

We are surprised to learn that Mr. Peck has taken to peddling, as recently stated in the JOURNAL. He is a native of Providence, and the only Rhode Islander who ever got the degree of B.A. at the National College, Washington.

Crockett, a Woonsocket Merchant tailor, informed the writer that he used to work with "Black" Welch in Boston for ten years. He would be pleased to hear from Welch.

Thanks to "Solid Muldoon" and "Montague Tigg" for congratulations for our abandoning single blessedness. Should they ever come across, they will certainly find a royal welcome.

We hope the teachers' convention will not be a disgrace. Every honorable teacher should attend if possible, the expense incurred in traveling not to be considered.

The JOURNAL is to be congratulated for having so brilliant a correspondent as "Solid Muldoon." Some one should wake "Jim Jams" from his long slumber, and tell him mutes, in general, are yearning for his letters, which are always bright.

Francois Dupres, of Nashua, N. H., is now working in a cotton mill here, and will bring his wife next week.

Erwin E. Aldrich is reported having fallen heir to a fortune left by the death of his grandparents, who died two days within of each other, aged about 90 years.

James Dolan has volunteered to act as a guide for visiting mutes on June 23 or 24, when Providence will hold its two hundred and fifteenth anniversary. He reports that several have already signified their intention to come, including two from New York.

Joseph H. Donnelly was in Lynn, Mass., last week, and reports Julius Lang has bought a $125 bicycle and intends entering for prizes on Memorial day. Success to Julius.

We are glad to say that Mr. Oscar Kinsman will make an excellent president at the coming convention of the N. E. G. A. He is a very intelligent man and knows parliamentary rules as well as he does his name. It was regretted that ex-President Tillinghast tendered his unlooked-for resignation, but it is to be hoped he will attend and take more active part in the proceedings as a member.

W. X. Y.

RHODE ISLAND, 5-5-'86.

Troy, N. Y.

The Troy Deaf-Mute Literary Society meets every Saturday evening, at 7:30 P.M., in the Guild room of St. Paul's church, corner 3d and State Streets. Regular meetings for ladies and gentlemen are held every two Saturday evenings. The object is the moral improvement of its members by lectures, debates, story-telling and preaching. The officers of the Society are Wm. T. C. Collins, President; C. A. Smith, First Vice President; Harrison Burt, Second Vice President; James M. Witbeck, Secretary; Jas. C. Ritter, Treasurer; H. Brown, Sergeant-at-arms. It also has divine services and singing and a Bible class in the Guild room every Sunday, at three o'clock P.M., under the leadership of James C. Ritter. All the deaf-mutes are cordially invited to come to the Guild room. All communications can be addressed to the Secretary. His address is Bascom's shop, cor. River and Hoosick Streets, Troy, N. Y. The officers of the Troy Society were elected last April.

Matthew Cheevers, of Pittsfield, Mass., was at Trinity Church, West Troy, where Rev. Dr. Gallaudet conducted services for deaf mutes. After the service he called on the writer and they had a delightful conversation.

Mr. Cheevers has gone to Saratoga to spend two weeks.

John L. Connors has been mourning at his inability to find steady employment but was enabled through the writer to obtain steady work at a factory where 400 men are employed.

Joseph Kinney, who has just left the Fanwood school, was given employment in James Roy's factory.

The writer has moved to Troy from West Troy, as he has some necessary engagements which he hopes to fill. He gets up early in the morning each day to ride his Standard bicycle on Vail Avenue, from Hoosick Street to Waterford Bridge, for pleasure and health. He enjoys himself riding the bicycle, more than he did in his school life.

The members of the Troy Deaf-Mute Literary Society have resolved to hold the seventh annual pic-nic at Albia, to celebrate the birthday of Charley A. Smith, on the 17th of August next.

The fare from Congress Street to Albia grove, is only ten cents.

The members are requested to meet at the Society room next Saturday to transact business. The Society will adjourn next week to October.

Charles A. Smith has proven himself to be a skillful debator, and has debated the question, "Which is the most useful, bicycle or tricycle?" with John L. Connors, who sustains the affirmative. The question was decided in favor of the tricycle.

Yours truly,

J. M. W., *Secretary.*

Fashion Notes.

Black and white are combined in every sort of gown.

Gathered vests from collar to waist line are very stylish.

In overskirts all the designs of the past season are repeated and are still stylish.

In thick fabrics panels are still used inlaid between pleats of the dress goods.

Short basques with full effects in front are shown on new dresses of all materials.

Colored laces will combine with the silk foulards for stylish summer costumes.

Modified Norfolk jackets of surah or fine jersey webbing are to be worn with various skirts.

Drapery for the back of dresses has the long slender effect, but is very full at the waist line.

Short fronts with a box pleat in the middle, like those on gentlemen's shirts, are used on many dresses.

Woolen dress goods show a myriad of soft summer shades, though firm and durable, are light wear.

New parsols have their handles of wood covered part of their length with the silks used for the canopy.

A feature of new corsages is the bias seam down the back forms, used to make stripes take a diagonal shape.

Garnet dog-collars are the fashion of the moment, and are especially liked with red and with black dresses. The smallest beads made in a simple band are seen, or else the large, square, and nearly flat beads are used in rows.

Chemisette plastrons are the new fancy in lingerie; they resemble the tucked shirt bosoms formerly worn by men, and are finished with a high standing collar and white lawn neck-tie narrowly folded like the masculine full-dress cravat, and tied in a small, prim bow.

Black lace scarfs are revived for wearing around the neck, now that furs are left off. They are worn high around the throat, and tie in a large bow on the left side, giving the effect of the fur boas worn during the winter. Spanish laces are again in favor for these scarfs, and the fichus so long out of use can be utilized in this way.

SECOND SEASON.

Afternoon and Evening Picnic

OF

St. Joseph's Union of Deaf-Mutes.

(Brooklyn Catholic Deaf-Mute S. S. Association.)

AT

Schutzen Park,

50th St. & 3d Ave., South Brooklyn

Thursday, August 19, 1886.

Music by Prof. R. E. Sause.

TICKETS, admitting one, 25 Cts EACH.

Children under 12, accompanied by Parents, Free.

DANCING TO COMMENCE AT 2:30.

—No Postponement—

Court Street and Third Avenue cars from Fulton Ferry, and the Bridge and Hamilton Avenue cars pass the Park.

Committee of Arrangements:

J. F. DONNELLY, *Chairman.*
J. F. O'NEIL, W. J. REILLY.
W. ENNIS, THOS. HEYDON.

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Engraved by W. R. Cullingworth.
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DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we propose to publish in this column, IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes. Every organization is invited to send its card. Changes will be made as ordered by the Secretaries.

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Tuttle Hall, 198 Grand St., Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: Henry L. Juhring, Pres't; Henry Hoevel, First Vice-President; Chas E. Green, Second Vice President; G.L. Reynolds, Secretary; T. J. Godfrey, Treasurer; Robert M. Patterson, Sergeant-at-Arms. Secretary's address is in care of H. L. Juhring, 568 Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A., of San Francisco. President, Theo. Grady; Vice-President, Frank B. Shattuck; Corresponding Secretary, Martin Aronsohn, Recording Secretary, Leo C. Williams; Treasurer, Henry J. McCoy. Divine services first and third Sundays, alternate at 11 A.M. Educational classes, Tuesday and Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock. Regular business meetings, first Thursday in each month. Address all communications to Deaf-Mute Branch, Young Men's Christian Association, No. 232 Satler St., San Francisco, Cal. Strangers and mute friends are cordially welcome.

CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets every Wednesday evening at 8 P.M., in the College Building of St. Francis Xavier, 30 West 16th Street. First and last meetings of the month for members only. Debates every second Wednesday. Lectures every third Wednesday. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general cordially invited. J. Francis O'Brien, President. All communications should be addressed to John Lloyd, Jr., Corresponding Secretary, 320 Broom Street, New York City.

CINCINNATI SOCIETY.

The Cincinnati Anderson Deaf-Mute Society meets at 110, 192 W. Fifth Street, first and third Saturday in each month, at 8:00 P.M. John Hahn, President; Jos. Kelly, Secretary. His address is Buckeye Marble Works, Front Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

CLERC LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Clerc Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 P.M., in the lecture room of the Church of the Covenant, Filbert Street above 17th Street. Lectures every Thursday evening, except 2nd Thursday of each September, 1st Thursday of December and March, and last Thursday of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of the members. Chas. H. Sharrar is President, and Daniel Paul, Jr., is the Secretary, and the latter's address is No. 1026 East Montgomery Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

DE L'EPEE CATHOLIC DEAF-MUTES' ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA.

Meetings, the first and third Sundays of the month, in the building of La Salle College, 1240 North Broad Street. The object of the Association is the spiritual and temporal welfare of its members. Thomas Breen is President, and Mr. Edward J. Carr, Secretary. Applications should be made to the Secretary, 2710 E. Sommer Street, or Rev. E. V. Lebreton, 1240 North Broad Street.

GRANITE STATE DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and elects its officers every other year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community in the State. The officers are as follows:—Thomas Brown, President; Almos Smith, Treasurer, and Willie E. White, Secretary.

PAS-A-PAS CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

The Pas-a-Pas Club is an organization of Chicago mutes effected with the object of dispensing intellectual improvement and moral amusement to its members and friends. Its motto is, Pas-a-Pas—"step by step." Regular meetings are held on the first and third Saturday of each month at eight o'clock in the evening, in Ladies' Parlor, third floor, Young Men's Christian Association Building, 148 E. Madison Street. Visitors from out of town are ever welcome. The club is officered as follows: President, Matthew Mullen; Vice President, Edward Kingon; Secretary, Matt Mullen; Treasurer, Jas. K. Watson. Address President or Secretary Pas-a-Pas Club, care Young Men's Christian Association, Chicago.

ST. JOSEPH'S UNION, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Meets every Tuesday evening at 21 Sidney Place, corner Livingstone St; Brooklyn. Object: mutual aid. J. F. Donnelly, President, 56 Raymond St.; Miss A. E. Robins, Secretary, 510 Henry St.

ST. LOUIS DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meeting at the St. Louis Young Men's Christian Association, on 11th and Locust Sts. Regular business meeting on the second Saturday in each month, for business only. The purposes of the club are principally of a social nature, but the Literary advancements of St. Louis ladies and gentlemen will not be neglected. Lectures will be addressed by the President from time to time, and all are welcomed on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at any time of the day, and make themselves at home. Officers: President, Wm. Stafford; Vice-President, A. H. Kohlmetz; Secretary, D. A. Simpson; Treasurer, A. N. Merrell; Sergeant-at-Arms, Henry McCamley. Address President or Secretary, 1427 Carr St., St. Louis, Mo.

THE BAY STATE DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

This Mission is for the intellectual, moral, and religious welfare of deaf-mutes in those places where their numbers make it advisable; to encourage the formation of Union Societies, for the mutual benefit of all, in their respective localities; to interest all friends of humanity and Christianity in their behalf; to assist in giving extra services to such local Union Societies, which are in need of more services than they can maintain themselves; to offer an additional or extended help to any independent local society, with their co-operation; to strengthen the ties of Christian and ministerial brotherhood; and to discuss subjects pertaining to sacred ministry. The officers are E. W. Frisbee, President; Wm. Bailey, Treasurer; and A. C. Hargrave and H. P. Chapman, Executive Committee.

THE MANHATTAN LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEW YORK CITY.

The Manhattan Literary Association meets every Thursday evening at 8 P.M., in the basement of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, West 18th St., near 5th Avenue. Its regular business meetings are held every first Thursday of each month, debates every second, and lectures every third. It object is to improve the moral, intellectual, and social welfare of its members. All communications relating to the Association should be sent to the Secretary, Chas. J. Le Clercq, No. 336 West 41st Street, New York City.

THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes, named in honor of Thomas H. Gallaudet, is now officered by Oscar Kinsman, President; Philo W. Packard, Treasurer; John F. Donnelly, Secretary, State Managers: H. P. Hunt for Maine; W. H. Weeks, New Hampshire W. Deering, Connecticut; F. C. Davis, Massachusetts; A. B. Meacham, Vermont, and Levi A. Lester, Rhode Island. It is to meet in 1886. Address the Secretary, Woonsocket, R. I.

(DIRECTORY—CONTINUED.)

THE NEW JERSEY DEAF-MUTES LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEWARK.

Meets every two week, Thursday evening, at 7:45 sharp, in the Rector Street Chapel, in Rector Street near Park Street. The officers of the Association are: President, Matthew M. Hambay; Vice-President, Alfred H. Bousfield; 2d Vice-President, William Ersinger; Treasurer, Peter Kinney; Secretary, Thos. R. Stewart; Sergeant-at-Arms, John P. Cotter. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Thomas R. Stewart, 30 Searing Avenue, East Newark, N. J.

THE SALEM SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Salem Society of Deaf-Mutes is an unsectarian society, organized in Sept. 23, 1874, and occupies a whole building of four rooms, No. 2 rear of Mansfield Block. Divine services, every Sunday, and prayer meeting, every Friday evenings. The members are at liberty to use it at any time (day or evening) in the week for reading, etc. The officers of the Society for 1886 are: William Bailey, President; P. S. Bowden, Secretary; L. L. Chapman, Treasurer, and Hardy P. Chapman and P. W. Packard, Executive Committee. W. K. Bigelow, I. P. Harris, Geo. Pease, Trustees.

THE TROY LITERARY SOCIETY.

The society holds its meetings every Saturday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Guild room of St. Paul's Church, cor. 3d and State Streets. Its regular meeting for ladies and gentlemen is every two Saturday evenings. The object is for the moral improvement of its members by lectures, debates and story telling. The officers of the society are William T. Collins, President; Chas A. Smith, Vice-President; M. F. Cheevers, Secretary; James C. Ritter, Treasurer, and H. Brown, Sergeant-at-Arms. It also has a Bible Class at the Guild Room every Sunday at 3 o'clock P.M., under the leadership of its Chairman. All the deaf-mutes and strangers in town and its vicinity are invited to drop in at the Bible Class and regular meetings. The Secretary's address is care of Worsted Roy & Co., West Troy, N. Y.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA DEAF-MUTE PRAYER MEETING OF PITTSBURGH.

The Deaf-Mute Prayer Meeting meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Young Men's Christian Association, on Sixth Avenue near Wood street. The deaf-mutes also hold Sabbath meetings in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, on 8th street near Duquenna Way St., every Sunday afternoon at two o'clock. Strangers and deaf-mutes in generalare cordially invited. All communications relating to the Young Men's Christian Association should be sent to the Committee, H. H. B. McMaster, No. 58 Pride St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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